OCTOBER 31, 1975/75 CENTS
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NewTimes

Psychobabble: the new jargon of candor

"WHAT AN INCREDIBLE TRIP. I'M REALLY GETTING MY HEAD TOGETHER. I'M IN TOUCH WITH MY FEELINGS, YOU KNOW? I'M SORT OF IN A WEIRD SPACE."

"VERY `AVY."

480288 ENE 2079298 1412 2070
MS JUDI MS CONELL
APT 24
2070 PAULINE
ANN ARBOR MI 48103

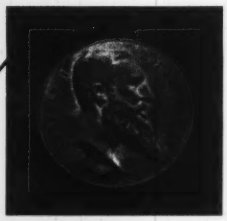
02254

Authentic.

The world's best judges of whisky have pinned lots of medals on Dewar's.

It's still happening every day. Any Scotch-lover, sipping a Dewar's "White Label" for the first time, will mentally pin still another gold medal on its famous label.

Brussels, 1893



Antwerp, 1894

London, 1888

Zurich, 1930

Paris, 1889

Edinburgh, 1890

Dewar's never varies.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF
©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

PICASSO'S EROTIC ENGRAVINGS

Shortly before he died, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of modern times, commenced work on a series of pictures that he predicted would become "my most sought-after—and possibly scandalous—work." They were to be a series of engravings portraying sexual pleasure in its every aspect. Picasso confided to his engraving-press printer, Aldo Crommelynck, that he had wanted to create such a series of pictures for over 65 years, and that he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso toiled in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created were, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man who, both at work and away from it, was dedicated to the sensual. As he once told his biographer Roland Penrose, "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life—and therefore no art—has meaning."

And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece oeuvre of this fertile genius has ardent love been more elegantly—or passionately—portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is repeated over and over again, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's life-long friend, Max Jacob, once said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.")

All in all, *Picasso's Erotic Engravings* reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as one of the greatest art treasures of the 20th Century.

Art critics have praised the engravings with apostolic zeal. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. Art Review: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography of today." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking. . . amazing. . .extraordinary. . .staggering. . .incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "Mesmerizing. . ." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testiment of the father of modern art."

If the artistic value of *Picasso's Erotic Engravings* is considerable, their commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which were printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, fetched a price of TEN MILLION DOLLARS! This was more than had ever been paid for any other work of art. Moreover, because of rumors concerning their superexcellence, all 50 sets of original engravings were sold even before Picasso had finished making them!

Picasso's Erotic Engravings were introduced into the United States by the art magazine Avant-Garde, in the form of a magnificent, 64-page portfolio. It was designed by Herb Lubalin, the world's foremost graphic designer, and printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography. Costly antique papers and flame-set inks were used throughout, and it was bound in 12-point Frankote boards. The publication *Picasso's Erotic Engravings* was, in and of itself, a formidable work of art.

The publishers of **Moneysworth**, the fortnightly newspaper that tells you how to get the most for your money, are pleased to announce that they have acquired several thousand copies of the magnificent *Picasso's Erotic Engravings* portfolio. And they are being given away *—ABSOLUTELY FREE—*to all new subscribers.

That's right, you can obtain a copy of the thrilling art portfolio *Picasso's Erotic Engravings —ABSOLUTELY FREE—*simply by taking out a subscription to **Moneysworth.** How much does a year's subscription cost? *Incredibly, ONLY $5!*

In case you're unfamiliar with **Moneysworth**, let us explain that it is America's fastest-growing, most authoritative periodical dealing with personal finance. It is now devoured by *over four million* enriched, ecstatic, depression-defying readers.

Each issue of **Moneysworth** brims over with such wallet-fattening, high-interest articles as:

How to Earn Up to 12¼% on Your Savings
Air Travel at 50% Off
States with Best Unemployment Benefits
Prosperity in Alaska
The Amazing New Two-Engine Car
Today's Soldiers Command High Pay
Beware the Better Business Bureau
Cars that Are Stingiest with Gas
Low-Cost Life Insurance for Non-Smokers
***Checking* Accounts that Pay Interest**
How to Buy Prescriptions at Cut-Rate
How Mrs. Rockefeller Practices Thrift
The "Yurt": Incredible $350 House
More Proof that Vitamin C Works
Scholar Dollars for the Middle Class
Don't Sneeze at This Cold Remedy
"Do-Good" Vacations that Are Tax-Deductible
Sugar at 9¢ a Pound
The Case for Shucking Off Clams
How to Pick the Best Locks
Buying a Guitar You Won't Fret Over
Fake Meat Can Be a Real Value
How Doctors Diet
The Link between Longevity and Light Eating
Legal Ways to Beat Sales Taxes
How to Get 7 Bestsellers for the Price of 1
How to Buy Skis that Won't Break You

As you can see, **Moneysworth** is a wily, skillful, nonconforming master in the art of managing money. It teaches you how to prevail in the battle of the marketplace.

The price of a One-Year Introductory Subscription is, as we said, *ONLY $5!* And you get a copy of the collector's item portfolio *Picasso's Erotic Engravings—ABSOLUTELY FREE!!*

To enter your subscription and receive your free copy of the Picasso portfolio, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it, with payment to: **Moneysworth**, 251 W. 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

But hurry. Quantities of the magnificent *Picasso's Erotic Engravings* portfolio are limited, and this offer may be withdrawn without notice. If you don't act immediately, you may lose your chance to get a copy—*forever.*

MONEYSWORTH
251 W. 57 St., New York, N.Y. 10019

I enclose $5 for a One-Year Introductory Subscription to **Moneysworth**, the wily, masterful, nonconforming fortnightly on personal finance. I understand that I will receive a copy of the priceless collector's item portfolio entitled *Picasso's Erotic Engravings —ABSOLUTELY FREE!!*

EXTRA BONUS OFFER: Check this box ☐, enclose $9 and get the Picasso portfolio plus TWO years of Moneysworth AND a copy of the booklet all of America is talking about, *Stake Your Claim! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

© Moneysworth Mcmlxxv. GS*

OCTOBER 31, 1975
VOLUME 5, NUMBER 9

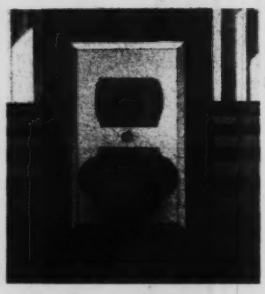
NewTimes

TOP OF THE NEWS

Pray for Kevin White

The young dynamic mayors of the Sixties have gone on to other things, leaving cities bankrupt and dispirited in their wake. Only Kevin White and Boston have survived, White to become a presidential aspirant and Boston to become one of the most livable cities in the country. Now, however, the mayor is in the midst of his own Watergate, and the question has become: How long will Boston's liberals continue to look the other way?

By Robert Sam Anson
Page 22



TOP OF THE NEWS

Out of the woods?

If you can believe a study just released by the governor of Vermont, U.S. energy experts can't see the forest for the trees. In the rush to harvest the country's wooded areas for pulp and board lumber, they've overlooked a potentially huge energy source: the wood scraps that the paper and housing industries leave behind

By Geoffrey Wolff
Page 32

TOP OF THE NEWS

The tribe that caught cat dancing

There has never been a more eloquent argument for environmental protection than Minimata disease, a form of mercury poisoning that has crippled a small fishing village in Japan for the last two decades. Now the plague has reappeared in North America among the Ojibway Indians of Canada

By Blake Fleetwood
Page 36

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

Psychobabble

Listening more and enjoying it less? One explanation may be the confessional language that's so prevalent in the mid-Seventies

By R.D. Rosen
Page 42

LOCAL COLOR

Confessions of a modern-day ambulance chaser

Bumper grinds into fender, and within minutes the lawyer's agent is on the scene—reassuring the victims and steering them to the most expensive doctors available. Until recently, Jimmy Morgan pulled in $125,000 a year as a Baltimore lawyer specializing in hoked-up personal injury cases. Now he's worrying about 60 felony counts pending against him

By Robert Ward
Page 50

Slow Down Page 4
Fulminations Page 6
The Ruling Class Page 13
The Insider Page 15

Reviews:
Movies: *Hard Times*
Page 57
Books: The Washington Press Page 62
Music: TV rock shows
Page 63

Final Tribute
Uncle Casey
By Mark Goodman
Page 68

We will consider unsolicited manuscripts, art/photos only when accompanied by return postage; the magazine will not be held responsible for loss or damage.

Copyright © 1975 by New Times Communications Corp. All rights reserved. Audit Bureau of Circulations Application submitted.

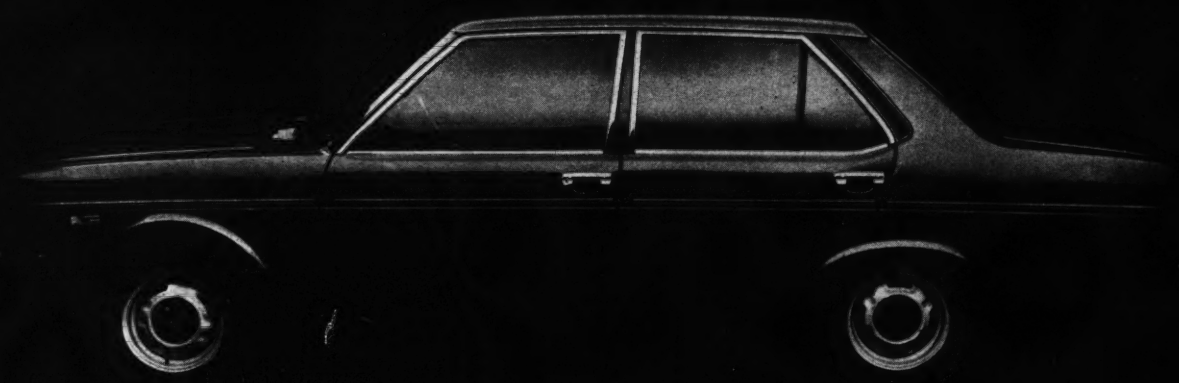
NEW TIMES is published bi-weekly by New Times Communications Corp., One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016. George A. Hirsch, President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price $15.00 per year, $2.00 additional for Canada, $5.00 additional for all other foreign. Direct all SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE ORDERS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS, ETC., TO NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2948, Boulder, Colorado 80302

ALL EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE should be directed to NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, 10016

Photo Credits

Page 6 - Wide World. Page 13 - UPI. Page 62 - Jill Krementz.

COVER BY RICH GROTE



Either this car is a miracle or this ad is a lie.

From the time we're very small, we're all taught to believe that when you pay more for something, you can expect to get more.

Which is why what you are about to read will be very hard to accept.

The car you see above is the new Fiat 131. It costs $4,092.*

When we asked an independent testing company to test it, however, we said, "Don't compare it to other $4,000 cars. Instead, put it up against $6,000 cars. And let's see what happens."

So they tested the Fiat against three $6,000 cars that have big reputations for performance: the BMW 2002, the Audi 100LS, and the Volvo 242. They ran three different handling tests and four different acceleration tests.

In separate tests of cornering, steering, road-holding ability, and overall responsiveness, the Fiat was every bit the equal of the BMW, the Audi, and the Volvo.

And in four separate acceleration tests, the Fiat ran away from all of them. In fact, from 40-70 mph it beat the Volvo by the astounding margin of 157 feet.

But the new 131 wasn't just made to drive well. It was made to keep driving well. The engine was tested for over a million miles. The valves last twice as long as ordinary valves. The rings last far longer than ordinary rings. The exhaust system is impervious to corrosion. The wheels offer the most advanced protection against rust in the world today.

Now you might ask, "How can a car that has so much going for it cost so little?" To which we might ask, "How can all those other cars cost so much?"

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

*1975 Manufacturer's suggested retail price POE. Inland transportation, dealer preparation and local taxes additional. Overseas delivery and leasing arranged through your dealer.

Is pro wrestling fake?

Slow Down

By James S. Kunen

Is pro wrestling fake?

"Do dogs shit in the street?" I'd've answered, until my never-ending search for authenticity took me round to the World Wide Wrestling Federation Championship the other night.

I cornered wrestling's number one bad guy, Waldo von Erich, putatively of Stuttgart, Germany, and his manager, Fred Blassie, backstage before the main event.

"Are you a bad guy?" I asked von Erich.

"He's not a 'bad guy,' " Blassie snapped with undisguised irritation, or disguised equanimity. "He's just an aggressive wrestler."

"But why do you wear Nazi regalia into the ring?" I asked Waldo, whose milky blue eyes would not meet mine. Blassie spat on the shiny linoleum floor. "I'm proud of my country," Waldo said.

I didn't like von Erich. I wished him luck and shook his hand. His handshake was limp and clammy.

Von Erich was to face the premiere good guy, World Champion Bruno Sammartino. Bruno has clear eyes and a ready smile.

"Do you ever doubt that you're going to win?" I asked the Champ.

Bruno looked me in the eye. Just for a second he seemed to wonder if I was for real. "Deep down inside—no. You've got to believe in yourself," he said.

Sammartino was swept into the ring on a thundering wave of applause. Von Erich waded in against a tide of boos. A fiery gold champion's belt girdled Bruno's waist. Von Erich sported jackboots, Nazi helmet, gun belt and a riding crop. The riding crop proved no mere emblem of brutality. Even as the referee was explaining the rules, the unscrupulous von Erich plunged the handle of his crop into Bruno's neck, driving him to the floor. The bell had never sounded, but the referee, neutral in every crisis, did not even attempt to separate the antagonists.

Von Erich ground his boot on Bruno's mouth. Finally Bruno had enough and punched von Erich hard, below the belt. Von Erich reeled back in agony, forgetting the champion, who himself staggered about the ring, rubbing his stomped mouth. The

crowd shouted encouragement to Bruno, who at last recovered himself and swung his mighty fist into the German's stomach. Von Erich flew over the ropes and came down outside the ring. Every time he ventured to climb back in, he was greeted by a Sammartino punch in the nose. Finally the referee's appeals to Bruno's better side prevailed, and the champion allowed his foe back onto the canvas.

Incredibly, once the humiliated Nazi got back in the ring his strength and effectiveness were restored. He delivered two sharp kicks below Bruno's belt, grabbed him by the head and flipped him over his shoulder. The 265-pound Sammartino fell six feet flat on his back, the crash resounding through the arena. Von Erich pounced upon Bruno's shoulders. The referee slapped the canvas once, twice, thr— Bruno heaved his chest and von Erich bounced off.

Von Erich's temporary resurgence had only angered Sammartino. He grabbed von Erich's head and stuck it under his arm like the morning paper. "Rip his ears off!" one fellow behind me yelled. "Squeeze his head like a melon!" urged another.

Bruno set von Erich's head on his knee like a hammer on an anvil. "For blood, Bruno! For blood!" the man behind me shouted jovially. "Twenty stitches will do!" Bruno jerked von Erich's head up and slammed it down. "One!" shouted the crowd. And again—"Two!" Eleven times Bruno slammed von Erich's head as the crowd counted. Now Bruno stood up and pulled the hapless Hun to his feet.

Von Erich's open hand stretched out toward Bruno and shook slowly back and forth, as though pleading to be spared any further punishment on account of its owner. The champion was not to be propitiated. Bruno charged into the ropes on one side of the ring, which stretched back, then rebounded like a slingshot. He flew across to the opposite ropes, then to the third set of ropes and from them to the fourth, which fired him like a smart bomb into the helpless von Erich, flattening him for good.

"Wow! I never saw a move like that before!" exclaimed a fan behind me to his friends.

When the cheering died down, I turned to them, three middle-aged men in green janitors' uniforms. "You know, I've heard this whole thing is rigged," I said gently.

"Of course it's rigged!" they agreed. I was puzzled. "It's all put on," they insisted.

I got it. Wrestling isn't *fake* sport. It's *real* theater, in which Good and Evil are discernible and Justice triumphs.

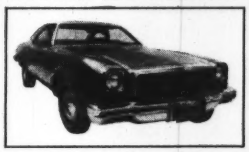
That's something to see. ●

Jim Kunen entered law school this fall, so Slow Down will in the future appear in every other issue of New Times.

Our Maintenance Check List. It takes the suspense out of renting a car.

MAINTENANCE
CHECK-LIST
OUTSIDE & GLASS CLEAN ALL AROUND
TIRE CONDITION OKAY
SPARE TIRE & TOOLS IN TRUNK
BRAKES, LIGHTS & TURN SIGNALS WORK
FLUID LEVELS OKAY
INSIDE CLEAN & ASHTRAYS EMPTY
WINDSHIELD WIPERS & WASHERS WORK
RADIO & HORN OPERATIONAL
AIR CONDITIONER & HEATER WORKING
SEAT BELTS OPERATIONAL
I HAVE CHECKED AND SERVICED THIS CAR
NATIONAL CAR RENTAL
"At least you know you're not renting the Titanic."

Hanging from the rear view mirror of the cars we rent is National Car Rental's Maintenance Check List.



It lists 10 items related to your safety and comfort.

Each gets checked off only when our service agent finds it in proper order.

And we won't rent you one of our GM or other fine cars until it passes this inspection.

Of course, there are other reasons to rent from National—our speedy counter service, 26 hour check-in day, and the S&H Green Stamps we offer on U.S. rentals.

But we know the main thing you're looking for when you rent a car is problem-free transportation. You're assured we're doing everything possible to give you that at National Car Rental.

Assured in writing.

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL

National Car Rental

We feature GM cars

We accept most major credit cards, but if you are over 21, have a responsible job, good income and want to apply for your own National Car Rental VIP Credit Card, just call toll free 800-328-4740, extension 2050 and we'll send you an application.

©National Car Rental System, Inc. 1975 (in Canada it's Tilden Rent-A-Car. In Europe, Africa and the Middle East it's Europcar.)

For reservations worldwide see your travel consultant or call 800-328-4567 toll free. (In Minnesota and Canada call 612-830-2345 collect.)

Ford slashes the poor

Fulminations

By Larry L. King

Not since Franklin D. Roosevelt ran against "the economic royalists"—and bluntly said "I welcome their hatred"—has an American president made so clear a choice as to the class he chooses to serve. Gerald R. Ford's new tax proposals, combined with the earlier actions of his 15-month-old Administration, leave no doubt that the poor may go hang. The message is even more pointed than when an Eisenhower functionary, during the mid-1950's recession, opined that the Administration did not care for "bird dogs who sit on their haunches and yelp," or when another instructed, "The right to suffer is one of the joys of a free economy." Indeed, President Ford's understanding of life at the grubbier levels seems to equal that of Marie Antoinette, wife of Louis XVI, who, when told of an impending revolution because the people had no bread, is said to have replied, "Let them eat cake."

Even when House minority leader for a decade, Jerry Ford seemed to wish more cake on the disadvantaged while providing big bread for their superiors: Though a prime mover in gaining federal money for Lockheed Aircraft and the Penn Central Railroad, he opposed handouts to welfare recipients or the jobless. As President he has vetoed bills to create pump-priming jobs, even as the recession deepened, and to provide school lunch programs—the latter a foolishness that even his party leaders in the House and Senate could not support. His opposition to federal oil controls means more money for the fat cats and higher gasoline and heating costs for the rest of us. One of his early presidential acts was an attempt to reduce the food stamp program by $300 million.

The tax package Mr. Ford has proposed would slash the poor in two ways. First, it actually would *increase* the taxes of those making under $5,000 annually; and, second, it would require Congress to set spending limitations sure to force reductions against those who can least afford it: the elderly, welfare families, those dependent on food stamps, veteran's pensions and educational opportunities. The same tax plan would benefit what Jerry Ford sees as his natural constituency: the middle class and upper middle class, or, in other words, the comfortable.

It was not healthy, I think, for FDR to have so publicly castigated "the economic royalists" in a time when hungry and homeless Americans may have been on the verge of an explosive revolution. Nor is it healthy for Jerry Ford to sow the seeds of class

discontent as he has done in his political peregrinations. "How many here think we should bail out New York City?" he baits the crowds. And he smiles when few hands go up, when laughter sweeps the audience, when applause thunders at the prospect of the nation's largest city going broke. This is dangerous business. To encourage hostility toward the very real problems of the nation's financial capital is not to play fair with the people but is to encourage their ignorant belief in harmful stereotypes. It frankly promotes racism and class warfare.

Though we have propagandized ourselves as "the great melting pot" and as "the land of opportunity," we have been something less than perfect in accepting blacks in our social order, and the history of our socioeconomic wars—ranging from sweat shops to strikebreakers to repressive antilabor laws to much of labor having become as fat, selfish and exclusive as its former masters—is enough to confound and dismay. Ideological and partisan biases being among the realities, no president is likely to deal entirely even-handedly with all the varied and conflicting segments of the economy; we always shall have "trickle down" presidents and "percolate up" presidents. It is important, however, that President Ford not too willingly permit one side to get the upper hand, to enjoy exclusive treatment, so that the other feels hopeless, abandoned or persecuted. Particularly is this true of the poor, who have struggles enough without having to struggle against a sense of hopelessness and who may consider hope as their only coin.

If President Ford continues on his present course, we may be assured of our most clear-cut—and nationally divisive—presidential campaign based on economic class warfare. Among Democrats on the left—such as Fred Harris, Morris Udall, Birch Bayh, Sargent Shriver—there is a great deal of private talk about guaranteed incomes or, even, income redistribution. They are soft-peddling it now, and may dress up the semantics when on the stump—knowing how such terms spook the middle class and upward—but in their private councils these and their advisers are saying that more equality must be provided, that the have-nots must be assured a bigger bite of the pie if capitalism is to more graciously bear the weight of its more obvious sins. It should be apparent that if cities and souls are left to rot, as occurred for so many years in the past, then we may look forward to social upheavals more desperate and fierce than those of the 1960s. ●

NewTimes

Publisher
George A. Hirsch

Editor
Jonathan Z. Larsen

General Manager
Louis B. Dotti Jr.

Art Director
Steve Phillips

Senior Editor
Marty Bell

Managing Editor
David Hollander

Political Editor
Robert Sam Anson

West Coast Editor
Robert Scheer

Associate Editors
Joanna Krotz
Tony Schwartz

Contributing Editor
Arthur Lubow

Assistant Editor
Ellen Rosenbush

Associate Art Director
Carolyn Buckley

Editorial Assistant
Karen L. Sacks

Photo Editor
Patricia Leplus

Controller
Howard Wishinsky

Circulation Director
Richard LaMonica

Administrative Assistants
Joanne Cohen
Miriam S. Ko
Georgette Collins

Circulation Assistants
Sheron Acosta
Meredith Lesly

Production Manager
Anne R. Brokaw

Newsstand Director
Leonard A. Carney

Production Assistant
William Bernstein

Assistant to the Publisher
Judy Woodard

Advertising Director
Nicholas H. Niles

Marketing Director
D. Claeys Bahrenburg

Advertising Representatives
Liz Brown Mendel
Anne L. Holton

Advertising Assistant
Jeanne Joyce

Chicago
The Pattis Group

Los Angeles
The Sheppard Company

Detroit
Richard Hartle Associates

Atlanta/Miami/Toronto
Metropolitan Publishers Representatives

Contributing Writers
Douglas Bauer, Michael Drosnin, Marshall Frady, Mark Goodman, Larry L. King, Jesse Kornbluth, James S. Kunen, Janet Maslin, Thomas Moore, Michael Parfit, Roger Rapoport, Frank Rich, Ron Rosenbaum, Marcia Seligson, Paul Slansky, Harry Stein, Thomas Thompson, Nicholas Von Hoffman, Geoffrey Wolff

Contributing Photographers
Steve Cooper, Mary Ellen Mark, Ann Phillips, Peter Angelo Simon, Dick Swanson

Contributing Illustrators
Higgins Bond, Bill Nelson, Dickran Palulian, Joseph Smith

Correspondents
Washington, D.C.: Arthur Hadley, Nina Totenberg; **Arizona:** Bruce Taylor (Phoenix), Ron Ridenhour (Tempe); **California:** Carol Sternhell (Palo Alto), Bill Ritter (San Diego); **Colorado:** Ivan Goldman (Denver); **Florida:** Pete Gallagher (St. Petersburg); **Georgia:** Gregory Jaynes (Atlanta); **Illinois:** Joel Weisman (Chicago); **Indiana:** John Brady (Terre Haute), Tom Cochrun (Indianapolis), Rick Lyman (Gary); **Kentucky:** John Filiatreau (Louisville); **Maine:** John N. Cole (Brunswick); **Maryland:** Joseph Nawrozki (Baltimore); **Massachusetts:** Bo Burlingham (Boston), Eric Breindel (Cambridge); **Michigan:** Laura Berman (Ann Arbor); **Montana:** Cortlandt Freeman (Bozeman); **New Hampshire:** Christopher Tilghman (Cornish Flat); **New Mexico:** John Neary (Tesuque); **New York:** Charles Stein (Merrick); **North Carolina:** Frye Gaillard (Charlotte); **Ohio:** Thomas Andrzejewski, Terence Sheridan (Cleveland), Jonathan Miller (Dayton); **Oregon:** Ron Abell (Portland); **Pennsylvania:** Alfonso X. Donaldson (Pittsburgh); **Rhode Island:** Phil Kukielski (Newport); **Tennessee:** Mike Edelhart (Knoxville); **Texas:** Susan L. Butler (Houston), Molly Ivins (Austin); **Vermont:** Robert Kaplan (Rutland); **Wyoming:** Michael Sellett (Jackson); **Canada:** Robert Ramsey (Toronto).

This fruit flunked out of Holland House®.

We're pretty fussy about what gets into our 38 cocktail mixes. Take tomatoes. We won't. Not if the ones we get are too watery.

Or banana puree. If there's too many seeds, the batch gets bounced.

And that's the way we are about everything. From orange to apricot. Lemon to lime. That's because Holland House is the world's largest selling cocktail mix. And we want to stay that way. The quality leader.

Sure, the fruit people get upset. That's too bad.

But we'd rather their fruit flunked. Than your cocktail.

Cocktail Mixes
Holland House®
To us, good isn't good enough.

SAMPLE OFFER: Send one dollar for 8 different Holland House non-alcoholic powdered cocktail mixes, 16 servings. Holland House, Box 566, Dept. 15, Ridgefield, N.J. 07657. Void where prohibited by law.

Giv

1. NA
AD
CIT
STA
TH

2. NA
AD
CIT
STA
TH

Bill m

☐ Ple

Blow their minds this Christmas!

Give New Times

Use this card to order gift subscriptions now. $10 for the first subscription $8 for each additional

1. NAME _____
please print
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
THE CARD SHOULD READ _____

2. NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
THE CARD SHOULD READ _____

3. NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
THE CARD SHOULD READ _____

4. NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
THE CARD SHOULD READ _____

Bill me at: _____
Name Address City State Zip

☐ Please enter or extend my own subscription. ☐ Payment enclosed Please Initial Here _____

Rate good in U.S. only.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 980
BOULDER, CO.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NewTimes

P.O. BOX 2948
BOULDER, COLORADO 80302

Give the gift that keeps exploding all year long

Really surprise your friends this year—don't give them another dull Christmas gift. Instead, give them a gift that crackles, sputters, sparkles, hisses, whistles and sometimes explodes.

Give your friends NEW TIMES . . . and stand back.

It's not very fancy. It's not pretentious. And it certainly isn't expensive. But every time your friends open the cover on a new issue of NEW TIMES—*WHAM!*

All hell is likely to break loose.

NEW TIMES blows the lids off some of the best-kept secrets in America . . . explodes comfortable myths . . . demolishes carefully contrived cover-ups . . . bursts bubbles of bungling bureaucrats . . . deflates windbags with a well-placed charge of laughter . . . touches off important new debates . . . *keeps exploding all year long.*

In short, NEW TIMES is a great gift for your friends because it will shake them up, make them laugh, make them think.

Give it to anybody you really like and respect. It will keep them tuned in on what's really happening. It will sharpen their understanding of people and events. Wise them up to the con games. And fill them in on exciting new lifestyles, new ideas, new personal opportunities.

With a loud *bang!* Every two weeks, NEW TIMES will keep your friends awake and thinking fast through all of next year.

NEW TIMES breaks big news.

Your friends will be among the first to know about some of the biggest news stories of 1976—because NEW TIMES is already known for its record of uncovering and publishing important stories before anybody else.

NEW TIMES was the first to tell how the CIA tried to find a mafia hit man to rub out Fidel Castro. NEW TIMES published a completely new reassessment of the evidence in the JFK assassination, and continues to call for a reopening of the entire case. And NEW TIMES was the first national magazine to reveal the full story of Joan Little . . . starting a national uproar that perhaps contributed to her eventual acquittal.

NEW TIMES is often first as well with facts concerning the health and perhaps the survival of Americans. The full story about aerosols and depletion of ozone in the atmosphere was first aired in NEW TIMES. And facts about newly discovered dangers of the Pill were in NEW TIMES first.

NEW TIMES blasts sacred bovines.

Whether it's a sacred cow or just sacred bull, it's a prime target for NEW TIMES.

Who but NEW TIMES would have had the temerity to publish a list of the Ten Dumbest Congressmen? Who was the first to look behind the macho facade of the military, to tell about persecution of homosexuals in the army?

NEW TIMES opens new doors.

When it comes to introducing its readers to new ideas, new lifestyles, new personal options, NEW TIMES is the most forward-looking magazine in America. Here again, your friends are likely to hear about things they won't hear about anywhere else.

NEW TIMES introduced its readers to two of the most promising new ways to expand your consciousness and your personal effectiveness, Silva Mind Control and Erhard Seminars Training (est). NEW TIMES told how you can escape from your shrink. (You'd be surprised how many people want to but don't know how.) NEW TIMES even did its own medical research on marijuana and concluded that pot has some advantages most people don't know about. And NEW TIMES told how single grandparents have been living together by the thousands to beat inflation.

The most surprising thing about NEW TIMES . . .

. . . is a surprise for you, not your friends. It's the price of NEW TIMES, which is low. You can actually give a friend one full year of NEW TIMES—26 biweekly issues—for only $10 (that's $9.50 less than newsstand—$5 less than the regular subscription rate). And if you give more than one gift, each additional gift costs you only $8. (We'll even send along gift cards for your friends, free.)

So mail the attached card today. That way, your friends will get their first blast in time for Christmas.

NewTimes

A DYNAMITE GIFT

Our cigarette is More.

ACTUAL LENGTH.

Put your cigarette against it.

Compare your cigarette to ours and you'll find that ours is More. The first 120 millimeter cigarette. More in every way except price.

Long, lean and burnished brown, More has more style. It has more flavor. It has more. Over 50% more puffs than most 100mm cigarettes. Yet More doesn't cost more.

And whether you smoke regular or menthol cigarettes, you can get more going for you. Because both More and More Menthol deliver quality like you've never experienced before.

They smoke slower and draw easy for more enjoyment. They're more flavorful. Yet they're surprisingly mild.

They're More.

More and More Menthol. They sit neat in your hand like they were made for it and fit your face like they found a home.

The first 120mm cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1975—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Why kill Castro?

The Ruling Class

By Robert Scheer

In April of 1969, I spent four hours in Havana interviewing a Cuban double agent who had been sent by the CIA to kill Fidel Castro. He had been a student before the revolution and stayed behind when most of his upper-class family fled to Miami. After learning that some of his relatives had subsequently moved up quite high in the Miami refugee/CIA circles, he had volunteered to be trained by Cuban Intelligence to infiltrate the CIA operation. He then pretended to flee Cuba as a refugee and, having learned how to fake lie detector and other matriculation procedures of the CIA, soon advanced to a trusted position within its Cuban Division.

In the next two years, operating from small motorboats launched by CIA ships, he and three companions completed 26 missions against Cuba. His accounts of these missions were detailed and, for the most part, involved acts of economic sabotage such as setting fire to sugar cane fields or blowing up factories. Three of the missions were aimed at taking Castro's life, and it was on the last of these that he decided to blow his cover. He had gone along with the first two assassination attempts because they seemed totally inept, with no chance of success. But the third, a planned rifle assassination of Castro as he addressed a large rally, could have worked, and he therefore contacted the Cuban police and had his fellow saboteurs arrested.

When I interviewed him, he seemed a straightforward, rational enough type who was then supervising the planting of coffee in the green belt surrounding Havana. Yet despite the wealth of corroborating detail and checkable leads that he had provided, neither I nor the few other journalists who later talked to him bothered to do much with the story. It just seemed a little farfetched even to arch critics of the CIA to think that the U.S. government, ten years after Castro's ascension to power, was still planning his demise.

But we now have the revelations of the Senate committee headed by Senator Church to document the repeated assassination attempts against Castro. This new evidence indicates that even some of the strongest critics of the CIA underestimated its perfidy. This is apparent in the CIA's admission that they perfected mechanisms for making assassinations appear as natural deaths—which means that in most cases we don't even know that a murder was committed, let alone that the CIA perpetrated it.

A more important insight provided by the work of the Church committee concerns the foreign policy behind these madcap CIA attacks on the Castro government. Such a continuous and sustained pattern of assaults cannot be explained by reference to bureaucratic error, the overzealousness of individual agents or other such aberrations of an otherwise sound foreign policy. The reality here, as in the case of the entire Vietnam episode, is that the madness was not a departure from policy. It *was* the policy. In the case of the anti-Castro activity, it was conducted on the highest level of the administrations of the past five presidents, and there is, as Church has insisted, no plausible basis for the belief that these presidents did not condone the policy. Indeed, it now seems that one of the more "enlightened" of recent political leaders, Bobby Kennedy, was one of the more enthusiastic administrators of the kill-Castro program.

What then was the threat of the Castro revolution that could so unite all of our political leaders no matter what their other political differences? It used to be argued that Cuba posed a threat to our security because it was a base for Soviet ships and missiles and that, in general, Castro was a pawn of Soviet policy in "our" hemisphere. But the data of the Church committee demolishes that explanation, for it shows that the attacks on Castro began during the Eisenhower Administration—a time when there was hostility between Castro and the Soviets. During the first 18 months of the Cuban revolution, when the first anti-Castro plots were hatched (as well as the plans for the Bay of Pigs invasion), Castro was still estranged from the Cuban Communist Party, which had only very hesitantly supported his guerrilla activity. There was zero Soviet influence before the economic blockade imposed by the U.S. in the fall of 1960, and Soviet influence developed only in response to that attempt to strangle the Cuban

Fidel Castro smiles at yet another plot to assassinate him.

economy. The only foreign base at that time in Cuba was the U.S. base at Guantanamo. Incredibly enough, our government justified its control of that base by reference to international law while at the same moment attempting to murder the head of the Cuban government.

When added to our prior knowledge about U.S.-Cuban relations, the information from the Church committee makes the "Soviet threat" argument ludicrous. The overwhelming evidence is that the "threat" of the Castro revolution lay not in its allegiance to an enemy camp in the cold war lineup of power but, on the contrary, in its independence. As a home-grown populist and highly independent socialist, Castro had proceeded to nationalize the holdings of U.S. corporations without offering what they thought to be adequate compensation. If he could get away with it, others would follow the example. He *did* get away with it and the example *has* been followed. The real Cuban "threat" to the then-burgeoning multinational corporations was that it provided a model of a socialist society that could free a small country of its dependence on foreign corporations and yet remain independent of Soviet control and popular with its own citizens.

Castro had to be killed precisely because he was popular. If he had been more like the dismal leaders of Eastern Europe, the CIA would have loved him. The damnable and ultimately unacceptable fact about Castro was that he was *not* a puppet of the Soviets, which would have made him acceptably conservative as well as a very poor model for others in the Third World to follow. The CIA was attempting to rig what used to be called "The Battle for the Minds of Men" by undermining any socialist revolution that had the potential for flexibility, independence and economic success.

One final bit of proof that this was the goal of U.S. policy is offered by the Church committee's disclosure that General Edward Lansdale was one of the honchos in the get-Castro program. Lansdale will be remembered from the Pentagon Papers as the CIA operative who in 1954 discovered Vietnam as another testing ground in the battle for the minds of men and who began in that country by blowing up dams and factories as the French were withdrawing after the Geneva Peace Agreement. Lansdale had fomented a one-man red scare in Vietnam by a variety of black tricks, among them printing phony communist directives calling for the death of all Catholics. In his zeal to show that the economic system of South Korea or Taiwan was the one most needed by Third World countries, he did his best to make alternative systems fail.

In the old days,Lansdale used to be quite brazen in talking about all of this. I recall one long session we had in the old Executive Office Building next door to the White House back when his cover was that of consultant to the Food for Peace Program. Lansdale was allegedly plotting Castro's demise, as well as planning the wholesale destruction of Cuban food crops. One must marvel at the cynicism and chutzpah that would permit using Food for Peace for such activities. Indeed, one must marvel at the entire affair—not the least of which was the naivete of reporters such as myself in discounting the very notion that the U.S. could systematically set about to assassinate world leaders and destroy food crops.●

"Shopping can be the thrill of victory or the agony of the feet."

I just bought a Superscope AM/FM portable radio with a built-in cassette tape recorder. It didn't cost much more than a good AM/FM portable radio. Yet it lets me tape AM/FM radio music while I'm listening—or even tape my own music. For once I got a good buy instead of a bunion.

The Superscope CR-1000A AM/FM portable radio/cassette recorder features a built-in condenser microphone, automatic record level and AC/DC operation.

See the entire line of Superscope audio products starting at $59.95* at your nearest Superscope dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages.

from the makers of Marantz

SUPERSCOPE®

Listen to us.

© 1975 Superscope, Inc. 8150 Vineland Ave. Sun Valley, CA 91352 In Europe: Superscope Europe, S.A. Brussels, Belgium. In Canada: Superscope Canada, Ltd., Ontario. Prices and models subject to change without notice. *Manufacturer's suggested maximum retail price at dealer's option.

The selling of a senator;
Is acupuncture really a placebo?

EDITED BY
TONY SCHWARTZ

The Insider

Politics

Tell them Willie boy is here

We were amused to learn recently that Senator William Proxmire is planning to spend a day as a prison worker in a state penitentiary. Interesting as the mission sounds, it is only the latest in a series of gambits by the liberal Wisconsin Democrat, whose uncanny knack for self-advertisement has become the envy of his less clever congressional colleagues.

WIDE WORLD

Proxmire: the image of the working man

In the past year, Proxmire has worked in Wisconsin as a dairy farmer, construction worker, packing-house carcass pusher, pea packer, banker, haberdasher, milk trucker and garbage collector. Generally he spends a day at each, manages to have his picture taken, issues a press release and reports on the experience in his regular newsletters to constituents.

And that's not the least of it. Getting press releases to the wire services on Sunday afternoon in order that they receive the best possible play on Monday—the slowest news day—certainly helps. So does making sure the public knows about his salutary hobbies—jogging up to ten miles a day, for instance.

Proxmire even managed to get sympathetic coverage when he underwent a hair transplant. But perhaps most effective of all is Proxmire's knack for generating publicity on topics that are at once sexy and non-polarizing. The senator's best device is the "Fleece of the Month Award"—his carefully publicized personal choice for most wasteful federal spending. Back in March, everyone heard about it when Proxmire howled that the National Science Foundation was squandering $84,000 trying to uncover the mystery of why people fall in love. One didn't have to agree with him to admit that the study was an ingenious target and that his use of an Alexander Pope quote—"If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"—was cleverly apt. The next month, Proxmire complained about a $500,000 government study to determine what makes humans and animals clench their jaws. He scoffed at the not-awfully-startling conclusion that "anger, stopping smoking and loud noises produce jaw clenching." More recently, the senator chastised a $57,800 Federal Aviation Administration study ostensibly undertaken to help design safety equipment. What it consisted of mostly, reported Proxmire, was an analysis of the body measurements of airline stewardess trainees.

Are Proxmire's constituents upset that their representative orchestrates such careful public relations, or gives priority to such apparently minor issues? Apparently not. Proxmire has the respect of his colleagues and a liberal voting record highlighted by his consistent criticism of defense spending. He has been in the Senate for 18 years and received 71 percent of the vote in his 1970 race. Perhaps the explanation runs something like this: How annoyed can you get at a senator who spent last Christmas day washing dishes in a Salvation Army kitchen?

Scott-free

The vestiges of Watergate do not die easily. A private poll conducted for the state Republican committee in Pennsylvania showed recently that Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott would fare poorly against any of three prospective Democratic opponents in 1976. The major reason, according to Market Opinion Research, is that voters remember and resent Scott's staunch support of former President Nixon. The senator's office reacts simply by saying that the results are in error, but observers believe that the 75-year-old Scott will likely retire rather than face the potential embarrassment of defeat.

Letting down his guard

Although most of the nation's media have long since lost interest in the subject, the horrors of Kent State continue to unfold. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* recently revealed that the commander of the Ohio National Guard at the time of the tragedy believes the deaths were unjustified. In secret grand jury testimony last year, Sylvester Del Corso, the guard leader, is quoted as saying: "I say it was unjustifiable . . . I can't see how it can be justified. And to me, overall, like I say, I can't see any justification in it."

That testimony was disallowed

in the trial of the $46 million civil damages suit brought by parents of the dead Kent State students and by nine people who were injured at the time. In August, following 14 weeks of testimony, a jury dismissed the case against 30 national guardsmen and state and university officials. The judge in the trial, Don Young, ruled

UPI

Kent State: guarding the truth

that because Del Corso was a defendant he could not also be compelled to testify as an expert witness. Exclusion of the guard leader's startling grand jury testimony was considered a major blow to the plaintiffs' case. In the words of their chief lawyer, Joseph Kelner, it was "devastating."

The *Plain Dealer* also revealed that Del Corso contradicted some of Governor James Rhodes' previous sworn testimony about his actions on the day of the Kent State killings. Lawyers for the plaintiffs are hopeful that the two major new developments will be a boon to their efforts to win the pending appeal of their civil damages suit. Meanwhile, a Justice Department spokesman says, with regard to a possible charge of perjury against Governor Rhodes, "If someone makes a formal complaint, we will investigate."

Filling the bill

One inadvertent result of the new campaign spending law has been to increase the power of incumbents. President Ford, for instance, is billing the Republican National Committee for his expenses each time he travels outside Washington to attend what are increasingly partisan Republican fund-raising affairs. By contending that he is acting in his role as head of the Republican Party and not as a candidate, Ford avoids spending against the new $10 million limit on expenditures in the presidential primary season.

The pretense that Ford isn't campaigning often quickly dissipates at the Republican functions themselves. Before Ford spoke at a party fund-raiser in Rhode Island recently, Providence Mayor Buddy Cianci and former Governor John Chafee delivered unabashed appeals for the President's renomination. In Detroit more recently, Michigan Governor William Milliken instructed some 4,000 of the party's faithful that "their most important goal" was assuring that Ford wins four more years in the White House. The President's entourage, obviously pleased by the endorsements, has so far done little to discourage them.

The picture of power

Ah, the peripheral perks of power. It didn't seem to matter that Susan Ford's only previous professional experience was a six-week internship on the *Topeka Capital-Journal* this summer. She was hired recently as a full-time Washington, D.C., photographer for the Associated Press and is even permitted to schedule her hours (she's being paid a standard $195 a week starting scale) around college classes. All of which got us to wondering: Just how coveted is the spot Susan Ford took?

"Washington is the plum bureau, a very tough town to crack," AP's executive news photo editor, Hal Buell, told us candidly. And

WIDE WORLD

Susan Ford: picturing privilege

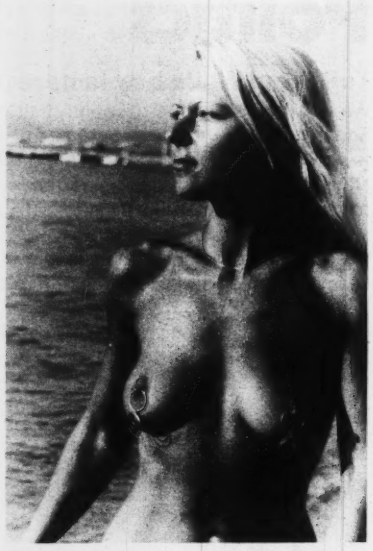
Washington isn't the only tough town. In the last two years, says Buell, there has not been a single resignation among AP's contingent of 150 photographers. At the same time, applications have been coming in at the rate of about 15 a week—or nearly 800 a year.

The Word

Keeping abreast

The game is one-upmanship and the location is that watering spot of the very rich—the beaches at St. Tropez. Topless long ago lost its novelty there, and even bottomless fails to startle. So

JEAN-PIERRE MOUTIN/GAMMA



what's left? Well, they're calling this latest in decadent fashion "percée des seins." In case you aren't bilingual (and the picture above baffles you), the fashion translates roughly as "nipple-piercing."

Press on

The influence of the press—already magnified by Watergate—is making itself felt even in fiction these days. In the first script of *Three Days of the Condor*, Robert Redford, whose CIA name is Condor, finds that the agency is corrupt and that everyone he trusts is trying to kill him. The original ending had Redford going to his CIA boss and threatening to tell his story to the *New York Times*. The CIA superior retorts: "No one would believe it."

As it happened, while Redford was filming the movie, he sat down for lunch with Seymour Hersh, who himself had just broken the first exclusive story on the CIA for the *Times*. After the lunch, Redford returned to the set and insisted that the ending be changed. Hersh apparently convinced Redford, who is known for toying with scripts, that the ending was "unrealistic." Someone in Condor's

CAMPARI INSTEAD.

You're about to order your usual drink, but you feel like having something a bit lighter. So you order Campari & Soda instead.

After a century of popularity in Europe, Campari & Soda is now being discovered in America. It's the perfect light drink before lunch or dinner. And a satisfying thirst-quencher in the afternoon or evening.

That unique, tongue-tingling flavor of Campari is a refreshing change from the drink you order out of habit. Before long, you may even find yourself getting into a new habit: having Campari instead.

Campari & Soda...Pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Add 4 ounces of **Schweppes Club Soda**. Squeeze in a wedge of lemon or lime to taste, if desired.

CAMPARI & SODA.

IMPORTED, PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY. 48 PROOF BITTER LIQUEUR.

DATSUN.
A LOT OF MILES PER GALLON.
A LOT OF MILES PER CAR.

Datsun's gas economy is nothing new. We've been building economy cars for 43 years, and we seem to get better with age. Take our 1976 Datsun B-210. The latest EPA fuel economy tests record the B-210 at 41 MPG on the highway, 29 in the city. (*EPA dynamometer estimate with manual transmission. Actual MPG may be more or less, depending on the condition of your car and how you drive.) Better than last year!

Datsun's durability is nothing new. Today you probably saw three or four old Datsun 510s like the mellow '69 shown. Of all Datsuns sold in this country for the past 16 years, 9 out of 10 are still on the road!

We make sure Datsuns last by building in durability features not found on many comparable cars. Aluminum heads dissipate heat faster than cast iron: Datsuns have aluminum heads. Unibody construction is more rattle-free and durable than bolt-on: Datsun cars have unibody. 60 Amp/Hr. batteries give more dependable starts than 45 or 50 Amp/Hr. batteries: Datsuns come with 60 Amp/Hr. batteries. We could go on and on, but you've got the point.

Add to Datsun durability a nationwide, computer-connected parts system. Plus a dealer network with nearly 4,000 highly trained technicians. To be sure, no one can promise you 100,000 trouble-free miles. But we're working on it.

41 MPG ON THE HIGHWAY. 29 MPG IN THE CITY.*

1969 Datsun 510

1976 Datsun B-210 Hatchback

DATSUN SAVES

position, explained Hersh, could tell his story to the *Times* and the paper would go with it. The revised ending of the recently released movie has Condor explaining, portentously, that it is too late for the CIA. "I've already told the story to the *New York Times*," he says.

Little big man

While we're on the subject of Robert Redford, there's an amusing brouhaha taking place on the movie set of *All the President's Men*. Seems Redford, in his role as producer of the film, is

Hoffman and Redford: squabbling

upset with co-star Dustin Hoffman, who will be playing the part of *Washington Post* reporter Carl Bernstein. Hoffman's reputation as an anti-hero notwithstanding, he has apparently acquired his share of star vanities. Recently he refused to use either the regular set hairdresser or its makeup man and insisted instead on bringing in one of each from New York. Under California contracts, any nonunion people on the set must be supplemented by a comparable number of paid union members. The result is that a piqued Redford is paying four extra unnecessary salaries. Is that what it takes to achieve cinema verité?

Speaking Frankly

New York talk show host Bill Boggs met the celebrated singer earlier this year, and the two men took an immediate liking to each other. Shortly before leaving New York after a recent engagement, the singer—notoriously publicity-shy—showed up at the studios of WNEW-TV and talked on-camera for nearly an hour with Boggs, while station personnel watched transfixed on closed-circuit cameras. The result, which will be shown sometime during the next month, is the first television interview ever done with Frank Sinatra.

Media

True confessions

The skin-magazine field grows ever bigger. *True*, a once-traditional men's magazine with an emphasis on such wholesome activities as hunting and fishing, will soon be adding a nude centerfold. A two-person staff is producing a magazine that once employed as many as 20 people.

"The only sex *True* ever had before was an occasional story about prostate glands," jokes editor Melvin Shestack, whose credits include a short stint as editor of *In the Know*, a *People* imitator, and an earlier job as *True*'s editor back in 1969.

Shestack hopes the added sex and stories of personal adventure will attract younger readers who deserted the magazine in droves in the late Sixties and early Seventies. The sex will be aimed at increasing newsstand sales, which now account for only a fraction of total circulation. Subscribers still number more than three-quarters of a million, but with high mailing costs, subscriptions are much less profitable than newsstand sales and subscribers will simply continue to get a sans-sex edition of the magazine. "These are the older, more traditional readers," says Shestack. "The guys who are into things like polishing their boats."

The news wears thin

Even with the recent loss of two major dailies, Chicago remains a competitive three-newspaper town, and circulation experts there still have to keep promotional irons in the fire.

Jaws: *invading Chicago*

The fires these days are ablaze with "iron-ons" or, more precisely, decals for T-shirts. They are now being distributed by all three of the city's daily newspapers: the *Chicago Tribune*, which in the not-too-distant past would have considered T-shirt tattoos totally taboo; the tabloid *Chicago Sun-Times* and the *Chicago Daily News*.

The T-shirt decal craze began at the *New York Daily News*, which had considerable success with a Doonesbury iron-on. The *News* discovered—but could not protect—the secret ink formula that flows into normal press runs and is then transferable for iron-on purposes—at 350 degrees.

Since the *Tribune* is the sister of the *New York Daily News*, it was fitting that they should offer the city's most sensational iron-on—a Jaws mural with the caption "Sharks Like People." The *Trib* began advertising the shirts' scheduled appearance on a Tuesday; the *Sun-Times* tried to one up by advertising its own planned shark cartoon, entitled "Bite Back." The *Trib* ended up winning the race by a day, but the real winner may have been the *Daily News*. Their own late offering was a cartoon of columnist Mike Royko, highlighting the irreverent columnist's somewhat lengthy nose.

Mind & Body

A war of attrition

Some of the young U.S. airmen held prisoner of war for extended periods by the North Vietnamese now have the bone structures of 80-year-old men, according to nutritionists at the University of Michigan.

After closely examining the skeletal X-rays of 108 former Air Force POWs who superficially appeared healthy, the nutritionists discovered that the men had lost from 10 to 46 percent of their bone volume. "Many of the men" says one of the researchers, "are, in effect, hollow shells."

The investigators attribute the condition of the men not only to the malnutrition they endured as POWs but also to a lack of exercise, untreated dysentery and infectious diseases. Even if their captors had shared equally with them, the POWs would have suffered some bone loss. The North Vietnamese peasant diet contains far less calcium and other bone-fortifying minerals than the Western diet.

Whether the men will have

Parliament. The recessed filter cigarette.

1. Astrologer Yolanda Vela became a star attraction when she predicted a great future for the clean taste she got from her cigarette holder.

2. No need for a cigarette holder today. Parliament's filter is recessed, so you taste only rich, clean tobacco flavor. It's an observation you'll enjoy making.

It works like a cigarette holder works. For good taste.

Kings: 15 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

shorter lives as a result of their bone loss is not yet known. The researchers do expect—at the least—that the POWs will be abnormally vulnerable to serious fractures and that they may shrink in height prematurely.

(Acu)puncturing myths

If you use acupuncture to kill pain, throw in a big dose of faith. That's the message from the University of Florida, where two anesthesiologists recently completed one of the first major Western studies of the ancient Chinese needle therapy.

Acupuncture theory maintains that it's crucial to stick the needles in specific points along one of 12 imaginary body "meridians." Florida researchers, however, discovered that when acupuncture worked at all on their test patients, it made no difference where the needles were inserted. What accounts for the therapy's effectiveness, the researchers concluded, is nothing more than the power of suggestion, or the so-called placebo effect.

WIDE WORLD

Acupuncture: don't pin your hopes on it

That doesn't mean that acupuncture is a worthless treatment. In the Florida study, following four treatments, half of 261 patients suffering from otherwise untreatable chronic pain reported 75 percent relief. After four weeks, 57 percent no longer reported relief, but that still left 18 percent—placebo effect or no—for whom acupuncture was successful. Concluded the researchers: "The placebo effect may be stronger than that customary with sugar pills, since the patient receives the needle's prick and electrical stimulus and there is. . . an overwhelming aura about. . . acupuncture."

Fingering the Frisbee

Move over tennis elbow, Little League shoulder and jumper's knee. There's a new sportsman's spoiler: Frisbee finger.

With no humor intended, the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine* recently cautioned Frisbee freaks to watch out for abrasions and blisters on their pitching hand's middle finger. The sores can get nasty enough to render the finger useless for two weeks.

RICHARD EGIELSKI

As if there weren't enough disadvantages to city life, urbanites seem to succumb to the discouraging new syndrome more than their country cousins. That's because city Frisbees hit a lot more hard things than do country Frisbees and therefore have rougher edges chafing the middle finger.

Blisters notwithstanding, Frisbee finger struck one doctor's funny bone. He wrote the *Journal:*

I do not argue with the contention
Abstention is the best prevention
So have it printed on each disk
You toss this plate at your own risk.

PostScripts

Bearing fruit, finally (*NT:* Aug. 8, 1975)

The Vermont apple crop is going to be picked after all, even though few state residents will work in the harvest. When *New Times* last reported on the subject, the bumper crop of 1.1 million bushels was in danger of being lost. Only 19 persons had signed up for the seasonal jobs, despite a 10.2 percent state unemployment rate. Because the Labor Department steadfastly resisted the recruitment of foreign pickers, the growers finally agreed to conduct a statewide recruitment effort. Their campaign drew praise even from the state Low Income Advocacy Council, a group that has in past years derided growers for alleged discrimination against local pickers. Despite the campaign, however, only 308 Vermonters out of the almost 20,000 who are jobless signed up. Nearly double that number are required for the harvest, and the Labor Department in the end reluctantly agreed to bring in Jamaican pickers.

Madelyn Davidson, the disappointed Vermont Employment Security Commissioner, concluded that "if a person wants a job, he or she doesn't want a temporary one like apple picking." New York State Senator Edwyn Mason, who represents one of the other five states with similar problems, described the situation more bluntly: "Many people don't want to work. They prefer to stay on welfare or unemployment insurance."

The Clark spark, again (*NT*: November 1, 1974)

Last November, *New Times* asked about New York senatorial candidate Ramsey Clark, "Is America ready for a politician this honest?" We said yes; the answer was not quite. Clark lost to the popular Jacob Javits by 7 percentage points. Now Clark is planning to run again, this time against incumbent James Buckley, who is considered much more vulnerable than was Javits. Mark Green, head of Ralph Nader's Corporate Accountability Research Group, will take a leave of absence to act as campaign manager. Clark will impose the same $100 limit on individual contributions that he did in 1974 and aim for support among a nucleus of 26,000 people who contributed the first time around. Although the former attorney general will not announce until sometime in 1976, the Democratic field already promises to be high-powered. Among the most often mentioned candidates are Congresswoman Bella Abzug, consumer advocate Bess Meyerson, Congressman Ogden Reid and former Mayor John Lindsay.

WIDE WORLD

Clark: if at first.

STEVEN M. STONE

f

Pray for Kevin White

The otherwise highly successful mayor of Boston has inexplicably become embroiled in his own Watergate. Yet Bostonians, the people who most vehemently called for Nixon's beheading, are willing to look away

By Robert Sam Anson

Lindsay, Stokes, Gribbs, Alioto.

They were going to change the face of America, they said; arouse and rally it, *make* it see that the country's fate would be decided by what they and others like them did in the streets of New York, Cleveland, Detroit, San Francisco and all the cities of this land. Because cities were to be the battleground, and their mayors the leaders of the new crusade. And so they set off, these bright young men with rolled-up sleeves and loosened ties, armed with their systems analysts and cold-eyed Harvard consultants. And, by the time they were through, their cities were polarized and bankrupt, the neat assumptions about talent, conscience and liberal democracy blasted away.

No one was ever able to figure out just why the battle of the cities was lost, only that it was. All at once, the money dried up; the Sixties became the Seventies; the rhetoric changed. And the men who had so fervently espoused it quietly disappeared, Lindsay to a law practice, Stokes to television, others to foundations and universities, where they could work their theories without hurting anyone. Each in their own way, they had overreached themselves, and all are gone except Alioto, who will go back to private business when his term expires in January. All except one.

Kevin Hagen White, the mayor of Boston, is the exception, the last survivor, and the most improbable one at that. For Kevin White believed in the cities more than any of them. His plans were the boldest, his consultants the smartest, his rhetoric the most super-charged. The cliches about blacks and whites working together, about cities being the core of a new society,

Copyright©1975 by New Times Communications Corp. All rights reserved.

all of the totems of the Sixties that today seem so sadly naive—White took them more seriously than anyone. More than any mayor, he became the symbol of the urban revolution. When journalists wanted to portray the struggle of the cities, they came to Boston. To watch him walk the streets. To meet his bright young men. To hear him spread the message. To photograph him, as dozens had before, standing alone, brow furrowed, tough, lean and handsome, staring out the picture window of his magnificent new office at what he always called "my city."

White had it all: handsome like Lindsay, gutsy like Bobby, the savvy of a Dick Daley. They still talk in Boston about the time a few years ago when the Rolling Stones were coming to town, and the old Garden was packed to the rafters with 14,000 freaked-out kids, another 7,000 baying outside. It was the same night the Puerto Ricans in the South End decided to have a riot, and Kevin had spent the evening walking the streets, promising, wise-cracking, cooling them off, showing them he wasn't afraid. He thought the trouble was over, but it was just the beginning. Because a small-town cop in Rhode Island had busted the Stones for assaulting a photographer. They were three hours late. The Garden was going crazy. White got on the phone, called the Rhode Island mayor and had the Stones released in his custody. While a police escort roared out to the Rhode Island line to fetch them, White took on the kids at the Garden. When he walked on the stage, the hall shook with boos. "The Stones have been busted," he announced into a torrent of obscenities. Raising his voice, he called out, "But I sprung them." Now the hall shook again, but to a different chant: "White, White, White," they yelled for five full minutes. And then Kevin delivered the biggest surprise. "But I've got to ask you for a favor. There's trouble in my city tonight, and I need all the police who are here. All 200 of them. I'm going to leave now and take them with me, and I'm going to ask you to police yourselves." And, the incredible thing was, they did, and loved him for trusting them.

No one could do it better than White; he had "the earnest bit," as his aides cynically called it, down pat. But what really made Kevin White different, what set him apart from the Lindsays, was that, against the odds, he was able to turn much of the rhetoric into reality. Downtown Boston was revitalized. Services were decentralized. Many of the slums were cleaned up. Even today, on a per capita basis, there is more new construction in the city than anywhere in the United States. Most remarkably of all, Boston has not gone broke. While other cities were mortgaging their future, White not only held the line but actually improved Boston's financial condition. The city's credit rating was upped two notches in an 18-month period, an unheard-of performance. Real estate taxes have not increased in more than three years. Money has continued to flow in from both the state and federal governments. As a result, Boston, an old, blue-collar, non-upwardly mobile town, is one of the most delightful, livable cities in the country.

At least for the moment. For lately things have started to come unwound. Not money, or the glistening new buildings, or the charm of the Charles River, but something deeper and more disturbing. There is a meanness to the town today that wasn't there a few years ago. The busing crisis that began last year in South Boston exposed a racism as raw as anything in Mississippi. Today, the storefronts in Southie are still painted over with slogans about "niggers" and "coons," only the slogans, like the busing, have spread—to Dorchester, Charlestown, East Boston, Hyde Park. The middle class is deserting for the suburbs in increasing numbers. A number of the mayor's most talented aides have found reasons to seek employment elsewhere. But the biggest change—the one least easily understood—is in Kevin White himself.

There is, in fact, only one real issue in the campaign, and it is savagely ironic: It is quite simply whether Kevin White, that pillar of liberal reform, is corrupt

It has to do with an election. After two victories over Louise Day Hicks, campaigns in which White rightly portrayed himself as the champion of reason and reform, the mayor is neck deep in a fight for his political life. The man who stands between him and a third term is a handsome young former Marine and state senator whose most notable previous accomplishment was being the only member of the Boston City Council to oppose United States participation in the Paris Peace Talks. Even his supporters concede that Joe Timilty, White's challenger, is far from the brightest man in the Bay State, or the most able. But Timilty's brains are not the issue. Neither, incredibly, is busing, since both candidates are opposed to it but have sworn to uphold the court's orders. That Kevin White has been one of the most creative mayors in Boston's history is barely contested. There is, in fact, only one real issue in the campaign, and it is savagely ironic: It is, quite simply, whether Kevin White, that pillar of liberal reform, is corrupt.

There have been investigations and indictments and there are likely to be more before it is finished. Just two weeks ago, the U.S. Department of Labor issued a stinging report, charging that the White Administration had played politics with the federal job program. According to the Labor Department report, at least 13 employees were improperly hired—namely, that federal funds were used to pay them to work in White's campaign. The report also raised questions about 352 other employees who were said to have relatives on the city payroll. The U.S. attorney in Boston said that the investigation was continuing but refused to comment on the possibility of criminal prosecution. The city's media, meanwhile, have been digging into the suspicious coincidence that firms which win big city contracts are those that are heavy contributors to White's campaign. In one instance, for building a skating rink on the Boston Common, a $170,000 "emergency" no-bid contract was let to a firm that was formed seven days before the bid was submitted. Later, family members of the firm's subsidiaries contributed $6,000 to White's campaign. When the Boston Financial Commission, a state-appointed auditor, summoned a number of city employees to explain their fund-raising activities, White sent a city attorney to accompany them—a move the chairman of the Fin Com compared to John Dean sitting in on the FBI interrogation of White House aides. Another Fin Com investigation disclosed that the city's Real Property Department was employing ingenious methods to avoid bidding on city contracts. It also noted that of the 20 contractors receiving the largest amount of work from the city, 18 had contributed to White's reelection campaign. In a number of cases, the contractors received city money for performing no work at all. It was a slightly different story at the city's Youth Activities Commission. There, officials told of illegal solicitation

THERE IS A LEGEND THA
TELLS OF THE GIFT O
HOW IT
NE

of campaign contributions from city employees, as well as employees being threatened with dismissal or transfer if they refused to contribute. Still another investigation revealed that White was using the city-owned Parkman House as a site for lavish political dinners (paid for from city funds), given to discuss his national political ambitions. But by far the most serious charges were those raised by the *Boston Globe*, ordinarily a White supporter, which reported that officials of the Boston Fire Department were pressuring city firemen for sizable contributions to White's campaign. The expected ante was $100 per man ($75 over the Massachusetts cash contribution limit). The solicitation came from senior officers in the department, often at the firehouses themselves. A number of firemen who refused to contribute asserted that they had been "punished" by having their promotions held up or being transferred to less desirable assignments. The names of a number of firemen who admitted contributing did not show up on the official list of White's campaign contributors. After the *Globe*'s disclosures, the state attorney general convened a special grand jury to investigate the charges. Shortly thereafter, James Kelly, the city's fire commissioner, resigned, out of "deep concern for the health of his family." A month later, Kelly and his deputy were indicted for violation of the state's corrupt practices act. Kelly's replacement—who remains on the job—was named by the grand jury as an unindicted co-conspirator.

A scandal of such proportions (the investigations are still continuing) should have shaken city hall to its foundations. And, in any other city save Boston, it probably would have. But Boston's politics are historically, even pridefully, corrupt. The city's pols point boastfully to James Michael Curley, the sainted demagogue, who won reelection to Congress from a jail cell. State Representative Barney Frank, a former White aide and leader of the statehouse liberals, laughingly says that "the good people of Oregon would lock all of the people of Massachusetts up if they had the chance." Says Frank: "Of course politicians do favors for people who give them money. [Former Governor] Frank Sargent took money, Joe Timilty took money. About the only politician I know who doesn't do favors is [Governor] Mike Dukakis. And he's the most ungrateful guy I ever met. Of course, he won't get any money next time."

But far and away the most vociferous defender of Boston's politics is his honor, the mayor. He has dismissed the scandals, lashed the press, pouted that he is a victim of "Watergate morality." He is wholly unapologetic. Indeed, it was White himself who came up with the idea of putting the bite on city employees for contributions. Months before the scandals broke, White told reporters that the coming campaign would be an expensive one, and that to mount it he would have to turn to city employees. Moreover, he asserted that it was his right. "I felt it was $25 for four years," he admitted to the *Globe*, explaining why city employees were asked to contribute $100 apiece to his campaign. City department heads, White allowed, were different; they were expected to throw in $1,000. After the scandals were revealed this spring, White continued to defend the practice, likening it to the *Globe* asking for contributions to its Christmas charity. His campaign also continued to seek contributions from employees as well as contractors who did business with the city. Last April, at the time of the disclosures, the Fin Com reported that 47 percent of White's contributors worked for the city. Since then, the percentage has decreased markedly, as the White campaign has turned to bigger donors, many of whom do business with the city. In August the Fin Com identified approximately 341 business firms in which con-

Olé!
For a super Ole Sunrise, mix 1½ ozs. Ole Tequila, 3 ozs. Orange Juice, ½ oz. Grenadine. Serve over ice in a large glass. Then enjoy the smooth-tasting Mexican spirit that makes people want to shout—Ole!
NOW 100 PROOF
Available in 80 & 100 Proof in White & Gold

tributors to White's campaign had an interest. Reportedly, White receives the biggest donors personally in a sealed-off suite in the Parker House. Reliable political sources say that the procedure calls for the donor to have his contribution (cash is preferred) in an envelope when he enters the suite. He then shows the envelope to the mayor, who confers his warmest regards. No money ever changes hands between White and the donor. Instead, the contributor leaves his money with a mayoral aide.

There is ample cause for caution, what with reporters and investigators doing their best to uncover the proverbial smoking gun that will link White himself to something illegal. Massachusetts law, for instance, prohibits city employees from soliciting campaign contributions from other city employees. To get around it, one city department reportedly prepared a list of all employees in its jurisdiction, along with their salaries and home telephone numbers. Later, the employees were called by their superior, who did not ask for a contribution but merely informed them that someone from the mayor's campaign would be calling and asking for money. Sure enough, the calls did come, from a "Robert Dooley," who identified himself as a member of the mayor's campaign staff. Subsequent checking of the campaign staff failed to turn up anyone named "Robert Dooley"; nor was there a "Robert Dooley" listed in the Boston telephone directory. When the city's attorney was questioned about the propriety of raising money from city employees, he responded that when an employee is asked "by his superiors to contribute, or to solicit contributions, ah, then, it is within, related to his public duties, because one of his duties is to obey orders or superiors whether they are right or wrong. Ah, I don't mean that, ah, he should obey, but I mean to say that if the superior gives the order, ah, then, in my judgment, that brings it within the realm of public duty."

The firefighters were more succinct. "If you're a fireman that wants favors, you have to give," one told the *Globe*. "You have to play the game. If you decide you want a soft job, you can put your hand out and ask a politician for it." Added another: "You know what would happen if you don't [give]. . . . The implication is that you will be transferred, although they never come right out and say it." Said still another, who refused to contribute: "It's a sad thing. I'm not being melodramatic, but the men go along with it. They rationalize and say things like, 'Hey, for $100 I keep a good job'. . . . It's a little like blackmail."

What the firefighter calls blackmail, White insists is giving city employees "the opportunity to become a part of the political process." This peculiar kind of opportunity is a hallowed tradition in Boston politics, and White is puzzled and outraged that questions are being asked now, when he is mayor. Ironically, last December, political consultant John Martilla, a White intimate, warned the mayor that Timilty would focus on the "integrity issue" and urged White to don reformer's apparel. White, however, dismissed the advice, and, for a long time as well, ignored the clamor that he reveal his income tax returns and a statement of his net worth—demands he wrote off to "post-Watergate hysteria."

If anyone is being hysterical, however, it is the mayor. Friends of White have noted a pronounced alteration of his normally self-assured personality since the busing crisis first burst over Boston. He became snappish, defensive. In several press conferences and interviews, he drifted off in long, disconnected sentences that seemed to have no relation to anything that was being talked about. He would disappear several days at a time, and his aides would lie about his whereabouts. The scandals seemed to break most of the reserve White had left. His relations with Boston's normally sycophantic press corps virtually evaporated. During one two-month period in the spring, he gave no interviews and held no press conferences. Indeed, White wasn't seeing much of anyone. One of his closest friends reckons that he spent less than 24 hours in total campaigning before the October mayoral primary, and, partially as a result, Timilty was able to come within ten points of him. There were moments when White sounded positively Nixonian, blasting the new political morality, asserting he was "too busy running the city" to note the campaign violations that were occurring right under his nose, reminding reporters that "I am the mayor." Even White's original campaign bumper stickers were eerily reminiscent. They read: "Re-elect the Mayor."

"Hey, for $100 I keep a good job," says a Boston firefighter. "It's a little like blackmail"

White was most like Nixon, though, in dealing with his critics, especially within the press. When one television reporter did two seemingly innocuous stories about congestion on a city street, and the ownership of a parking lot, the news director of the station received a call from White's press secretary, Barry Brooks. Brooks said he wanted to be sure that the station knew that the reporter was dating an employee of some of Boston's shadiest interests. White himself reportedly spread rumors that another reporter, who had been critical of his administration, was having an affair with one of his bitterest enemies. Later, another call came in, this time from an unidentified "police official" who told the station that the reporter was an associate of one of Boston's leading mob figures. Still later, the reporter found that his car had been towed from a private parking spot and impounded by the city for $1,100 in parking fines. In the most celebrated case, Jack Cole, the political editor of WBZ-TV, was fired after a particularly aggressive series of reports on White's fund-raising as well as the mayor's use of city funds to further his presidential ambitions. Cole charged that his dismissal had come as a result of mayoral pressure, and sued his employers. The station settled before the case came to arbitration. White himself regularly calls the television stations to complain about the coverage they accord him, and more than once has asked the editors of the *Globe* to replace Mary Thornton, a young city hall reporter who has turned in some of the hardest-hitting exposes of White's fund-raising. As it happens, Thornton is being transferred, though after the election. The *Globe*, meanwhile, has endorsed White's reelection.

No one doubts Kevin White's toughness. In the political vernacular, he is rated as a "hard-ball player." What is not nearly so well known, especially among White's admirers outside Boston, is just how hard he plays. It is little remembered that in White's first try for office in 1960, a successful race for secretary of state, his opponent was a then-unknown black politician named Edward Brooke. Race never entered the campaign—at least directly—though some of Kevin's critics found it more than passing strange that his billboards contained only a two-word message: "Vote White." In 1964 White was the only Massachusetts Democrat of any stature to support Francis X. Bellotti's challenge to the incumbent Democratic governor. Bellotti was thrashed, but the split in the party helped the Republicans gain the statehouse. White's move may have been a good investment, for today, the self-same Mr.

The proud smoke.

Today's L&M...Rich, mellow, distinctively smooth.
Blended for today's taste with a tradition of over
100 years of tobacco experience.
It's a matter of pride.

Proud tradition. Proud heritage. Proud taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter (Box): 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.

Bellotti is Massachusetts' attorney general.

In May 1970, White finally overreached himself by running for governor. During his campaign, according to a knowledgeable political source, formerly close to White, the mayor called together a meeting of 20 of the city's leading businessmen for a breakfast meeting in a second-floor suite in the Ritz Hotel. The mayor reportedly informed the gathering that the coming campaign would be a long and expensive one, and that he wanted and expected $10,000 in cash or checks from each of them. A few of the men in the room balked, one of them telling White that his demand was an "outrage" and a "shakedown." The rest, however, reportedly ponied up, and ruefully designated themselves "the $10,000 club." The money didn't help. White was soundly defeated, beaten even in his home town.

White took his loss as a warning that he was losing touch with the city. He relied less on the bright young liberals, many of them from out of town, he had installed in city hall and more on traditional Boston pols. He also took a dramatic step to reinsure his own reelection.

Even today, the incident remains one of Boston's most closely guarded political secrets. It involves White, a former city commissioner who had been one of the mayor's closest friends, a former large city contractor, the *Boston Globe* and a possible felony—a crime that was never prosecuted and apparently never reported. According to several reliable sources, some of whom are former members of White's administration, the story goes like this:

In late 1970 White discovered a major city contractor had delivered a $15,000 cash contribution to one of his commissioners for delivery to White's campaign. The money never reached the campaign. Instead, the commissioner "shortstopped it," says one source; in short, put it in his own pocket. The incident outraged White on several counts. For one thing, he and the commissioner were close friends. For another, the commissioner was making noises about running for mayor himself. White decided to turn the incident to his own advantage. He installed a hidden tape recorder in his office and invited the contractor in to repeat the story. But the recorder failed to work, and White, who is none too mechanical, later told friends that he almost "electrocuted myself trying to get the damn thing to work." So a second session was arranged. Once again, the machine failed to do its duty. Finally, on the third go round, this time in a suite at the Parker House, the machine worked, and White had his evidence. He summoned the offending commissioner, played him the tape and demanded his resignation. To White's utter consternation, the commissioner refused. White asked a few key friends for advice on what to do next. He also called Robert Healy, a political columnist and executive editor of the *Globe*, and asked him to meet him in a motel room far from city hall. Healy arrived and White played the tape. Healy, however, never wrote a story about the incident, nor, apparently, did White expect him to. What White was after, according to a reliable source, was assurance that if the commissioner did run the *Globe* would not support him and would, in fact, editorially campaign against him. The precautions turned out to be unnecessary. At length, the commissioner resigned and decided not to run for mayor. There was no criminal prosecution.

The mayor reportedly informed a gathering of the city's largest businessmen that the coming campaign would be a long and expensive one, and that he wanted and expected $10,000 in cash from each of them

The mystery is why White resorted to such overkill. Once he knew that the commissioner had raked off a $15,000 campaign contribution, he could merely have called the commissioner in and demanded his resignation, and, if he chose, not even explained why. Intimates of the mayor suggest that one reason for White's elaborate stratagems is that he was covering all his bets politically, literally leaving nothing to chance. But one close friend of White's suspects that the real reason was personal. White felt betrayed by a friend, and was determined to expunge him, do everything short of sending him to jail. Politics in Boston are of a uniquely personal kind. Slights, real or imagined, become legendary grudges. The Irish admonition "forgive, but never forget" is only half followed. Boston's pols, the mayor among them, neither forgive nor forget.

The latest round of scandals have damaged White, but probably not fatally. Given Boston's tolerance, along with Timilty's ineptness, he will almost certainly be reelected come November. The rest of the country, however, is not Boston. Whether or not White is directly involved in anything illegal, the corruption in, around and through his administration has probably finished him as a presidential or vice-presidential candidate. There is real tragedy here, because Kevin White is one of the most attractive men in national public life, as well as one of the most able. The qualities he possesses in such full measure are notably lacking among the current Democratic contenders. One day, he might well have had it all.

Ironically, the trouble could have easily been avoided. As with Watergate, there seems no rational motive. White remains a popular mayor, despite the furor over busing. Nor did he really need the money his campaign raised so dubiously. Indeed, there was so much money—half a million dollars in the primary alone—that his managers could barely devise ways to spend it. They ended up, as did CREEP, overkilling. In a city where there are 140,000 households, the White campaign printed up and distributed more than a million pieces of literature. No effort was spared, no ploy overlooked, including some rather crude attempts, some from White himself, to suggest that Timilty was connected with bookies and "liquor interests." A memo from White's pollster, Tully Plesser, which leaked last spring, noted that Timilty had a good reputation among the voters for integrity and honesty, and thus, as the memo put it, "it would seem appropriate to tarnish the Timilty image as early in the campaign as possible." Instead, White has succeeded only in tarnishing his own. And none of it was necessary.

Why, then, did he do it? There are many explanations heard in Boston—that White wanted to win big to enhance his national reputation; that Timilty made him feel personally insecure; that, somehow, the mayor was lining his own pockets (a charge backed by not a shred of credible evidence)—but only one man knows for sure, and that is Kevin White. He is not a man given to talking about himself. But those closest to him think they know at least the outlines of an answer. White, they say, enjoys testing

the limits of the possible. It is an intellectual game with him. He likes power, enjoys using it. And, perhaps most importantly, he is proud of what he is: a professional politician, a man who has given his life to practicing the craft, and has done so with consummate skill. The national revulsion against politicians in the wake of Watergate unsettled him. Personally, he saw nothing to be apologetic about. He had done good, and would do more. Still, he was unappreciated, even in his own city. The leaders of the national Democratic Party, men far less able than he, never regarded him all that highly. He was restless, bored. And so he decided to show them. He would use his power in a way none of them dared, and he would get away with it. It was his right.

The whole thing sounds more Grecian than Irish, but, in truth, there are elements of both. The Greeks called it hubris, the Irish clout. Whatever it was, Kevin White, a gifted, complex, contradictory man, had it in ample measure. He probably will never have it again. "There is a fine line between hubris and chutzpah," a Boston newspaper editor reflected recently. "Somewhere, Kevin stepped over the line."

White grew up steeped in Boston's roughhouse political tradition. His father, Joe White, who served as president of Boston's City Council, could glad-hand and wake-go with the best of them. Kevin, however, seemed different. He was more influenced by his mother, a warm, erudite woman who, even today, reads and comments on all her son's major statements before he delivers them. Kevin was sent off to be finished at Williams, and, by the time he entered public life, he seemed more a blue-suited, reptied Yankee than the Irishman he was. The image was so convincing that, a few years ago, sociologist Andrew Greeley, writing in the *New York Times*, referred to Boston's "Yankee mayor" as an example of the decline of the American Irish. Well-read and literate, White has always shied away from the back-slapping side of politics and, as a result, can seem cold, remote and arrogant. Indeed, he might have ended up another Lindsay, all gloss and icy glamor, were it not for his voracious love of politics.

The subject fascinates, some say obsesses, White. "He eats, sleeps and dreams it," says one of his former aides. "He thinks of nothing else." And that fact lends a hollow ring to White's protestations of ignorance to what has been going on in his campaign. The mayor is constantly war-gaming his opponents, devising scenarios for pushing this program or that, whether it is a construction job or becoming president of the United States, a possibility he has dwelt on more or less nonstop since that fateful day in July 1972 when George McGovern offered him the vice-presidency and snatched it away, all within the space of two and a half hours.

White's political savvy has been his major strength in Boston, a town equally obsessed with politics. He never committed himself totally to the Harvard intellectuals or to the political hacks. As few people in American politics have been able to do, White was always careful to keep a foot in both camps. He was, as they say in Boston, able to ride the "Red Line," the subway that runs between Cambridge and Southie. Thus, there was always a schizophrenia in his administration, a constant tension between the young liberals who were close to White, and on whom he relied, and the Irish hacks he kept putting on the payroll, and who were his lifeline to the city's neighborhoods. The tension was necessary if Boston, a collection of 17 fiercely proud, ethnic enclaves, was to be held together, and for years, White maintained it masterfully. In a city where there is no regular political organization, and the only reform impulse comes from liberal Republicans, White was the one magnet around which everyone could coalesce. Were it not for White, and his careful cultivation of the anti-busing leaders (including Louise Day Hicks, with whom the mayor enjoys a close, personal relationship), Boston's busing crisis, bad as it has been, would have been immeasurably worse. But White always kept his door open, even at personal risk.

What White was after, according to a reliable source, was assurance that, if the commissioner did run, the *Globe* would not support him and would, in fact, editorially campaign against him

An example of how White works occurred one night last fall, when White was being called "Mayor Black" in Southie and the walls were painted with admonitions to lynch him. Late on this particular night, White was in his office with a few aides. A call came in from Louise Day Hicks, who asked White to come immediately—and alone—to Southie to meet with her and several other anti-busing leaders. Despite the anguish of his staff, White complied and, at the wheel of his own car, set off to South Boston all alone. As he left, one of his aides said in all seriousness: "That is the last we will see of Kevin White."

But White pulled it off, and in the succeeding weeks and months, serious bloodshed was avoided. Compared to last year's experience at least, relative calm has now settled over Boston's school system. White is not getting many votes out of Southie, but he is able to walk the streets—something Lindsay would not have dared in Queens.

White's performance won him enormous political credit, especially among the city's liberals, who seem noticeably unfazed by the scandals that keep breaking around his administration. On Beacon Hill and in Cambridge, one hears excuses for corruption in the White Administration from many of the very people who were most critical of Richard Nixon.

One prominent liberal opinion maker complains of "purists" who denounce White for corruption. "It's a conviction before trial," he says, adding, "Kevin may be no saint, but compared to a lot of what has gone on in this city, he has done damn well. And he's a good mayor." Apparently, that is all that matters. When the *Globe* endorsed White, the corruption issue was mentioned well-down in the body of the editorial; earlier, when Common Cause issued a statement criticizing White's reneging on an agreement to disclose his expenditures, the story appeared in a small box on the *Globe*'s funny page. One *Globe* reporter admits: "He's a liberal, and we're liberals. And you take care of your own." Whatever the exact explanation, the unconcern about corruption is giving Timilty's manager fits. The other day Pat Cadell, the liberal pollster who is one of Timilty's key advisers, bumped into former Nixon speechwriter Pat Buchanan in an airport. "I hate to say it, but you're right, you son of a bitch," Cadell said to Buchanan. "There really is a double standard for liberals." Buchanan only smiled. ●

Fifty reasons why you need Book Digest Magazine.

Can you talk intelligently about ten of the books pictured on this page?

If you wish you could keep up with all the reading you'd like to do, BOOK DIGEST is the answer.

With fifty books in six issues.

Every issue of BOOK DIGEST contains selections and carefully edited excerpts from 7 to 8 books.

Many are best-sellers. Others are of prime importance.

All material is in the author's own words and style. Nothing is added or rewritten. And we clear it beforehand with the publisher and/or author.

Slip an issue of BOOK DIGEST in your pocket. It's like taking along several books at a time. Books such as:

- ¶ **Conversations with Kennedy** *by Benjamin Bradlee*
- ¶ **We're Going to Make You a Star** *by Sally Quinn*
- ¶ **How the Good Guys Finally Won** *by Jimmy Breslin*
- ¶ **The Bermuda Triangle** *by Charles Berlitz*
- ¶ **The Money Book** *by Sylvia Porter*
- ¶ **Total Fitness in Thirty Minutes a Week** *by Laurence E. Morehouse and Leonard Gross*
- ¶ **The Pleasure Bond** *by Masters and Johnson*
- ¶ **TM* Transcendental Meditation** *by Bloomfield/Cain/Jaffe*
- ¶ **Shōgun** *by James Clavell*
- ¶ **The Fight** *by Norman Mailer*

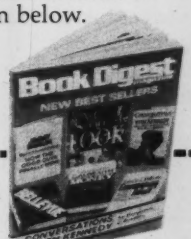
Fifty books in six issues for just $6. Or 15¢ a book.
Fifty reasons why you need BOOK DIGEST.

TRIAL OFFER FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

To introduce you to BOOK DIGEST, we have a no risk, no obligation trial offer. Let us send you the current issue of BOOK DIGEST. If you aren't pleased with it, write "cancel" across your bill and you can keep this issue as a complimentary copy. If you do decide to become a subscriber to BOOK DIGEST, you will receive a total of 6 issues for $6. Act now. Fill out the coupon below.

It comes to less than 15¢ a book.

Or call toll free, 24 hours a day:
800-228-9700



Book Digest magazine

P.O. Box 2451, Boulder, Colorado 80302

INTRODUCTORY SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

Please send me my trial copy of the current issue of BOOK DIGEST and enroll me as a subscriber at a cost of $6 for a total of 6 issues.

I understand that if I am not fully satisfied with the current issue, I may cancel without obligation within 14 days and keep my trial complimentary copy. (No need to send cash. We will be happy to bill you later.)

6189

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

In Canada $7.50. Other countries $9 (cash only).

OUT OF THE WOODS?

According to a report commissioned by the govenor of Vermont, the "new" energy source may be as close as your own backyard

By Geoffrey Wolff

For most of the United States, the energy crisis has simmered down into the energy problem. Not so, however, for the New England states. The Northeast depends upon oil and oil products for 85 percent of its energy needs (against 46 percent for the entire United States), and almost three-fourths of that oil is imported (against 35 percent for the country). As a consequence, the tremendous increase in imported oil prices has affected the area disproportionately. The flow of money from New England abroad has simply fueled the region's already serious inflation and unemployment problems.

Concluding that they could not wait for salvation from the federal government, architects, bankers, engineers and manufacturers from all over New England convened last month in the town of Warren, Vermont, for a two-day energy conference, hoping to find an immediate regional solution. The usual alternate energy sources were discussed, and almost as soon dismissed. The promise of nuclear power, it was generally agreed, was canceled out by the promise of nuclear holocaust. Solar energy, according to the spokesman for the Division of Solar Energy of the ERDA (federal Energy Research and Development Administration), might account for 7 percent of the country's energy needs, but not until the turn of the century, and the bulk of that would accrue to the sunnier southern states. Wind-generated electricity is technologically feasible but, at the moment, prohibitively expensive for the return: A wind generator and storage batteries can cost as much as $13,000 and produce only 500 kilowatt hours a month, a modest energy supply for a household.

The second day of the conference, however, produced some hopeful news. Samuel Lloyd, chairman of the Governor's Task Force, and an expert in the state's natural resources, unwrapped a 73-page study, commissioned by Vermont Governor Thomas Salmon, which explored the possibility of using modern technology on man's oldest source of fuel: wood. If the report's conclusions prove true, it will be of inestimable importance not just to Vermont but to all the heavily wooded areas of the country. The notion is as grand as it is simple: that a new forestry technique—whole tree harvesting—could produce almost immediately enough energy to satisfy one-quarter of Vermont's needs. In fact, there is enough *annual production* of culls (trees unsuitable for use as saw logs or veneer) in Vermont to supply the state with *all* its electrical requirements. The technological breakthrough that has made the harvesting of this surplus wood feasible is a huge, diesel-powered machine called the Chiparvestor, which can eat a tree 70 feet long and 3 feet in diameter—guts, feathers and all—in less than 40 seconds. It turns these trees—trunk, limbs, leaves or needles and bark—into wood chips of uniform dimension, and blows them into a cargo van for transport. And it does all this on site in the forest.

Till the invention of total tree harvesting, more than half of a tree's fiber by weight was left as slash on the forest floor, later to be burned there or left to rot. Since the invention of the machine—which costs between $50,000 and $90,000, depending on its size—nothing is wasted. Its principal application, especially in the West and the South, has been toward the pulp paper industry. It is also remarkably well-suited to Vermont's peculiar energy needs and resources.

It has become fashionable for forward-looking architects and designers to refer to the recent and continuing Energy Crisis as an Energy Opportunity, in part to redress the debasement of the word "crisis," but in part also to give a name to such innovative and promising studies as the state of Vermont's report to Governor Thomas Salmon on *Wood as a Source of Energy*. The chairman of the Governor's Task Force, established in May of last year, addresses his superior in a reassuringly informal manner—"Dear Tom"—and the report itself is a sturdy, homely document, showing on its cover Paul Bunyan bearing a huge saw-log and double-bit axe, wearing a beard, suspenders and patched pants. No fancy stuff here, just-the-facts-ma'am, and the facts are these:

●"Enough surplus, unmerchantable wood fiber grows in Vermont forests each year to provide fuel for a substantial

ILLUSTRATION BY NICHOLAS GAETANO

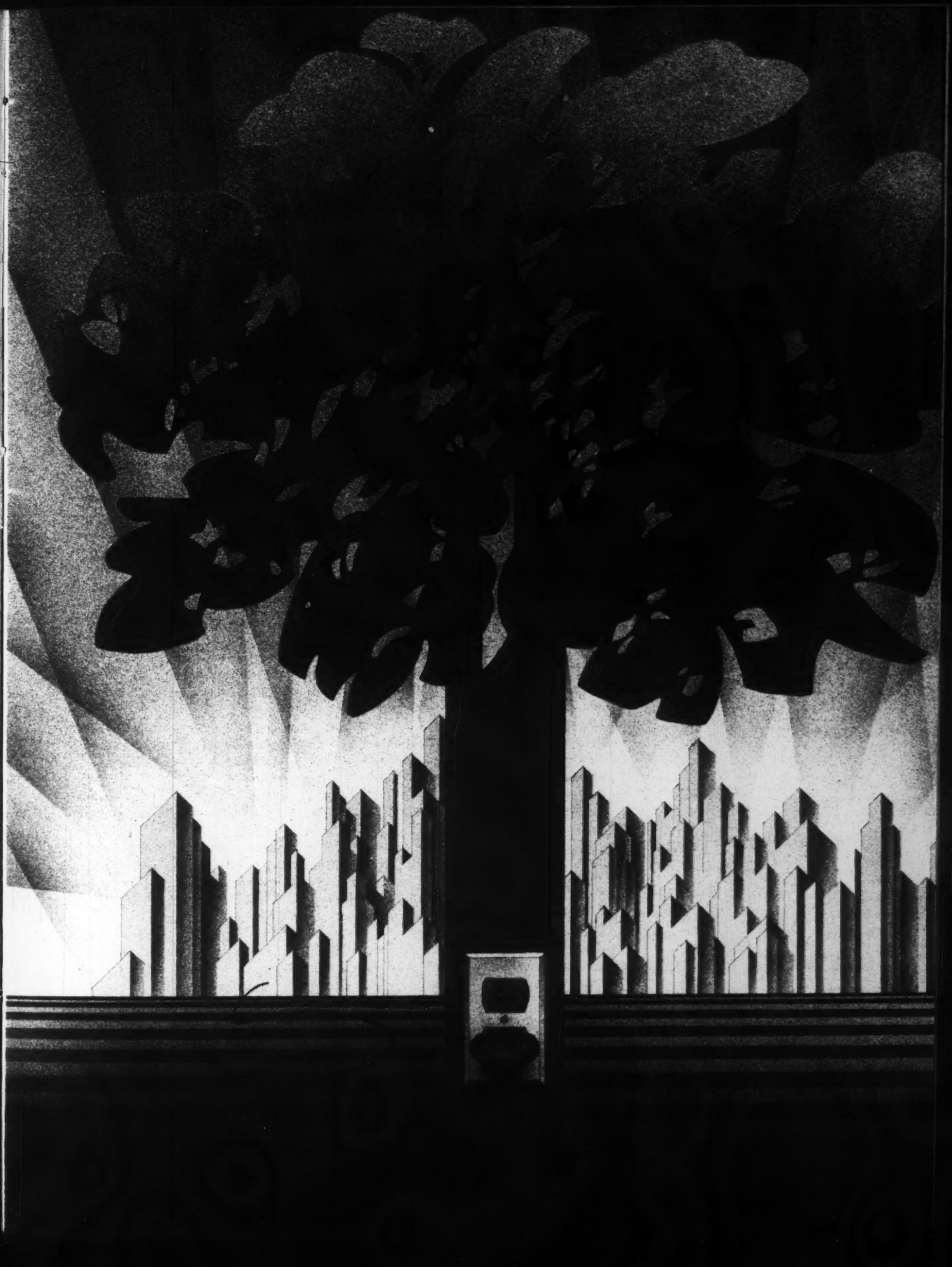


ILLUSTRATION BY NICHOLAS GAETANO

NewTimes Reader Service

Back issues of NEW TIMES are available for $1 each.
To order back issue please fill out the coupon below and send to:

NewTimes
ATTN. READER SERVICE
ONE PARK AVE.
N.Y., N.Y. 10016

Please send me at $1 each for which I enclose $_____

Issue Date	No. of Copies

Make check or money order payable to: NEW TIMES

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE ZIP

MOVING?

PLEASE NOTIFY US
4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE
OF NEW ADDRESS

Miss/Mrs./Mr.
Name (please print)

New Address Apt. No.

City State Zip

ATTACH LABEL HERE for address change or inquiry; or attach page with name and present address. If moving, list new address above. Note: Your subscription expiration date is printed at the right end of the top line on your mailing label.

Mail to:

NEW TIMES
P.O. Box 2948
Boulder, Colorado
80302

portion of Vermont's annual energy and heating needs."

•"Technology exists which enables the conversion of wood fuel into steam for the production of electricity, as well as for heat for industrial, commercial and municipal uses."

•"Large scale removal of surplus wood from Vermont forests can be undertaken without serious environmental damage and could, in fact, significantly improve the productivity, health, wildlife habitat and appearance of woodlands when conducted according to proper forest management principles."

In addition, the development of new outlets for previously unmarketed timber, and the manufacture of boilers for the translation of wood chips into steam into electricity, would, on conservative estimate, provide Vermonters with 3,500 new jobs. And wood chips are cheaper per million BTUs than oil, electricity, coal or gas. Wood burns clean (what effluents it gives off would be produced through decay if not burned) and—above all—it is renewable. If its virtues make it seem like a perpetual motion device, it damned near is. No man-made contrivance can store or even capture solar energy as efficiently as a tree, and there are more trees now in this country than there have been since the earliest immigrations. It has been estimated (wood statistics are notoriously unreliable, however) that there is an annual national growth of 350 million cords (a cord is a stack of wood four feet wide by four feet high by eight feet long), and that only 150 million cords are used for paper, veneer and lumber products, leaving 200 million cords per year for use without depleting the forests at all. Five cords will heat a well-insulated house. Forty million houses, two-thirds of the nation's dwellings, could be heated annually .

When Vermont was settled two centuries ago, it was about 95 percent forested. By 1870 the cultivation of land for agricultural uses had reduced that figure to 42 percent. Since 1870 farms have been abandoned in such numbers, and man's affection for trees has so increased, that three-fourths of the state's land area is now classified as forested.

Whole tree harvesting has been the common practice for many centuries in Europe, where forests are perhaps the most valuable, handsome and shrewdly conserved in the world. Wood is of such great value as a source of heat that no part of any felled tree is wasted. (And no wonder: Hardwood chips that cost about $12 a ton here cost about $160 a ton in Europe.) It has been the custom there for townsfolk near forests to bundle all the slash left on the forest floor and burn it. The Europeans, also sensitive to aesthetic considerations, have avoided clear-cutting, preferring to harvest selectively. The Vermont report recommends "controlled clear-cutting in small irregular patches or strips," leaving the effect of hedgerows. The clear-cut areas, with trees stumped at ground level and empty of slash, would be far easier than ever before to reseed. In addition, it is believed that controlled large-scale timber harvesting would be of benefit to Vermont's wildlife, opening the canopy above to encourage the growth of browse on the forest floor.

Accordingly, Vermont has authorized the construction of a pilot project for the large-scale use of wood chips for heating the State Hospital at Waterbury. If it proves efficient, there will be other projects. The Governor's Task Force consisted of hard-nosed and clear-eyed Yankees, skeptics to a man when they embarked on this study. They include the chairman of the board of a Burlington savings bank, the director of the pulmonary clinic of Vermont Medical Center, the general manager of a large lumber company, an industrial engineer from IBM, officers of the Green Mountain Power Company and many foresters. They agreed that the most promising application of wood chips was the generation of electricity on a large scale, but that their use as home heating fuel was also promising. The few drawbacks to wood chips as an energy source are not, in most instances, insuperable:

•It is bulky, requiring five times the storage area per BTU as coal or oil.

•It creates dust in storage and transportation.

•Because of its bulk and weight, it would be difficult to transport long distances to urban areas of the country. (Vermont is perhaps the most rural state, aside from Alaska, in America, and all transportation would be by truck. Road surfaces and bridges might have to be re-engineered.)

•Wholesale, unmonitored harvesting of timber for fuel could cause soil erosion and adversely affect nutrient balances in the soil.

•It is difficult to tempt laborers into forest work. It is a hard, killing occupation.

In contrast to the certainty that Vermont will run out of money even before the world runs out of oil, these are cavils. Wood chips are an answer, if the evidence is to be believed, and a good one—the nearest thing imaginable to the alchemist's touchstone, something for nothing, growing slowly, under our noses. ●

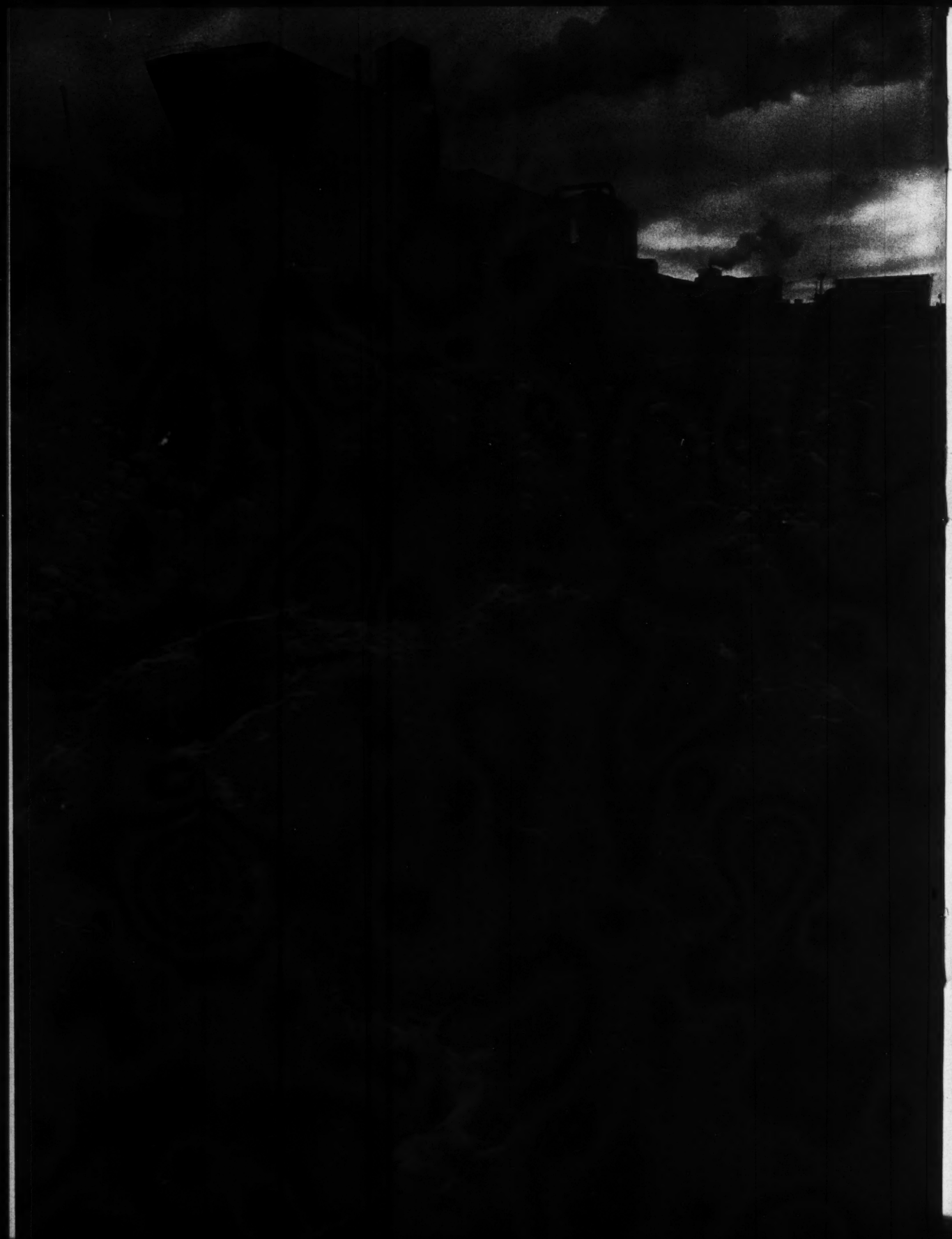
Do you enjoy smoking as much as I do?

I probably enjoy it more. And Salem is why. It's much more than just a good menthol. It's a good cigarette. With all the taste I like.

I enjoy smoking. I enjoy Salem.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg "tar", 1.3 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.



When mercury poisoning crippled the people of the Japanese village of Minimata in 1956, health experts hoped it was an isolated case. But now the disease has reappeared among the Ojibway Indians of Canada

THE TRIBE THAT CAUGHT CAT DANCING

By Blake Fleetwood

"My daughter grew up eating fish from this river. I grew up eating fish from this river, and so did my father and my grandfather and his father before him. It didn't seem right that the river would turn against us." *Chief Andy Keewatin of the Grassy Narrows Indian Reserve*

It started as it always does with the dancing cats. They had a glazed look in their eyes. And they started walking around in circles—two, three, four cats walking round and round in the main square of the village.

It spread to the birds, which began to fall off their perches. And probably to the bear and otter and moose, which were once plentiful in the area and then suddenly disappeared. And dead fish floated atop the English-Wabigoon River.

Soon the fishermen from the Grassy Narrows and White Dog Indian reservations, which sit beside the river in Kenora, Ontario, began to complain of discomfort. They felt a tingling sensation in their fingers, a heaviness in the back of the head, a decrease in their peripheral vision. And a strange irritability permeated the rest of the people. The Indians began fighting among themselves. Killing themselves. Killing each other.

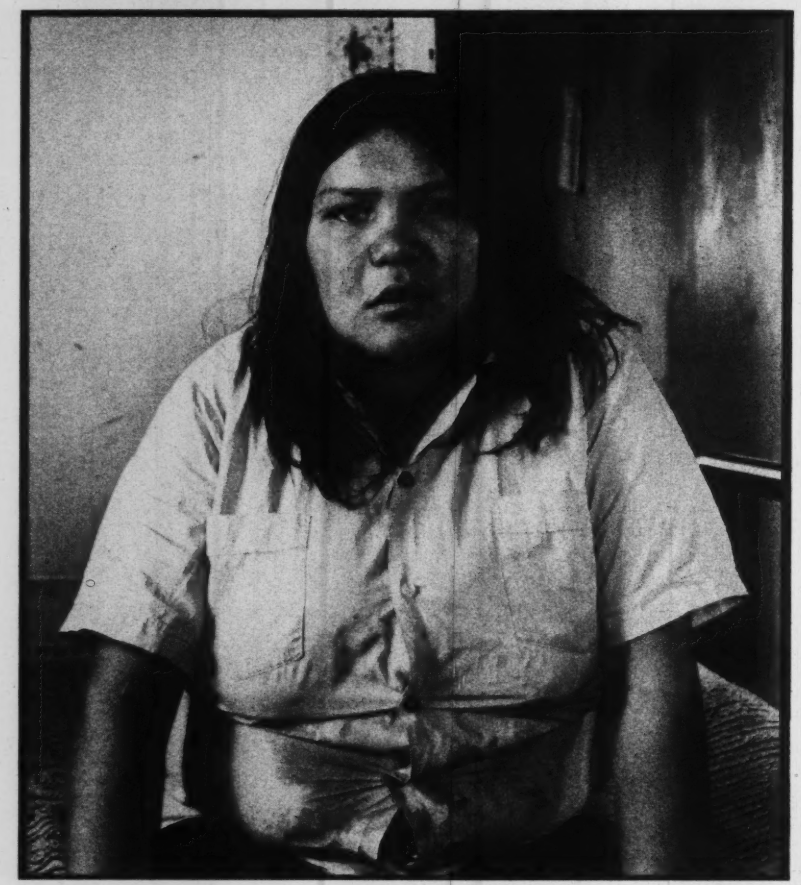
The medicine men said that the Great Spirit had put a curse on the people and that they must leave offerings in the woods to win him over. So some of the Indians left pouches of tobacco and flasks of whiskey in tree branches. But the curse did not disappear.

In 1970 Norvald Fimreite, a Norwegian biology student who was doing research for his Ph.D. at Western Ontario University, went fishing in the English-Wabigoon River. He brought some fish and birds back to the university laboratory and examined them. He found that the mercury content in the fish was 50 times the accepted international level. He immediately called this to the attention of the Canadian government. A similar level of mercury discovered in the fish in the Japanese village of Minimata in 1956 had resulted in 200 deaths and crippled thousands more. At the time, it was thought to be an isolated case. Now it had reoccurred 6,000 miles away.

The Canadian government soon discovered that the Dryden Paper Company, a pulp and paper mill 60 miles north of the two Indian reserves, had dumped ten tons of mercury waste into the river over the previous eight years. They immediately banned commercial fishing in the area. But tourism is Kenora's main industry. Aside from the Indians, the only visitors to the area are tourists who come from Minneapolis and Chicago and stay at the tourist camps sprinkled along the river's edge. So the government did not want to discourage tourism completely and allowed sports fishing to go on. They put up "Fish for Fun" signs, which urged the tourists to throw the fish back in the river. But the polluted fish tasted fine and so the Indians and the tourists

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC KROLL

After Minimata disease became apparent in the cats, a Japanese specialist visited and tested the Ojibway Indians for palsy (below) and discovered symptoms including mental retardation (bottom). But the Dryden Paper Company refused to warn the Indians until they confronted a company representative.



kept fishing and eating their catch.

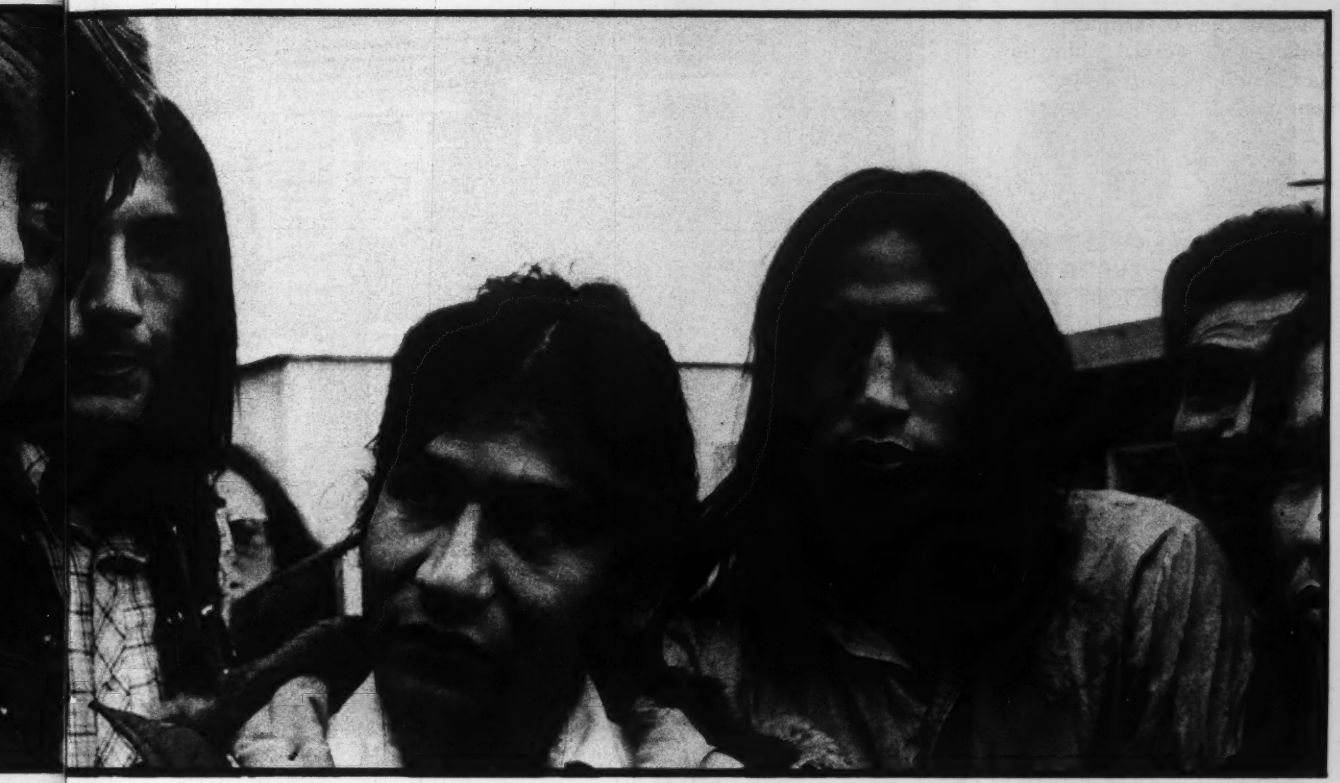
Barney Lamm, the owner of the Ball Lake Lodge, one of the more popular resorts in the area, was so shaken by the discovery of the mercury that he closed down his place and filed a multimillion-dollar suit against the Dryden Paper Company for destroying his business.

But the Kenora Tourist Bureau tried to quell the pollution scare. Frank Newstead, manager of the office, told visitors that the "problems were overblown." And the government turned its back on the problem.

"It came down to a question of votes," said a local politician. "The government officials just couldn't go against the lumber and tourist interests."

In the spring of 1974, Aileen Smith—who, along with her husband, W. Eugene Smith, photographed and wrote the brilliant book, *Minimata*—arrived in the Kenora area at the invitation of Barney Lamm. She was shocked at what she saw. "It is incredible how this situation parallels the situation in Japan," she said. "The same government cover-ups in favor of economic interests over human lives."

The Smiths asked a team of Japanese medical experts headed by Dr. Masazumi Harada, one of the foremost authorities on mercury pollution, to visit the Indian reserves and they came last



July at their own expense.

Dr. Harada ran an extensive testing program, returned to Japan and released a report last month which concluded: "Out of 89 Indians examined, 37 displayed two or more symptoms that are found in Minimata disease patients." He emphasized that the situation was going to get much worse.

Until 1970 commercial fishing employed one-third of the Ojibway Indians and the fish from the river was their main source of food. Most of the people ate some kind of fish two or more times each day of their lives. Now Minimata disease (also called cat dancing disease or mercury poisoning) is reaching epidemic proportions among them and there is no way to stop it. It can cause deformity, nervous disorders and even death. And its effects are becoming more and more visible throughout the two tribes.

Large numbers of people have twisted mouths and twisted limbs. The rate of spontaneous abortion among pregnant women has been five times the normal rate in Canada. On the Grassy Narrows Reserve alone, there have been four babies born recently with cerebral palsy, a common occurrence among women who ingest mercury during their pregnancy.

Teachers in area schools have noticed an unusually high proportion of mental retardation among the younger children. (In Minimata, Japan, 29 percent of the babies born between 1955 and 1959 were mentally deficient.)

Previous studies of Minimata disease proved that the possibility of heart seizure increases greatly as the level of mercury in the blood increases. In 1972 an Indian fishing guide named Thomas Strong died of an apparent heart seizure. He had all the symptoms of mercury poisoning—slurred speech, shaky hands, loss of weight. No autopsy was ever performed, but his blood was tested and found to have a dangerously high mercury content. When told of the result, James Stopps, the chief of Ontario's Environmental Protection Unit, dismissed it, saying Strong's blood was "probably accidentally contaminated." But other guides have been tested and had equal levels of mercury in their blood.

Mercury poisoning causes "the Mad Hatter's disease," "a particular psychic disturbance characterized by irritability and restlessness as well as mental depression and dullness." Over the past year, there has been an alarming rise in the amount of violence on the two reserves.

Last fall a six-month-old baby was found floating along the shore of Grassy Lake.

In October a 16-year-old boy was shot dead in a teenage fight.

In February an eight-month-old baby boy was left outside in the snow to die of exposure and a 13-year-old boy was fatally stabbed.

In March a 30-year-old man was stabbed.

In June the body of an old man was found on the gutted dirt road that connects the reserve to Kenora, his head crushed by a rock.

In August another teenage boy was stabbed in the leg and bled to death.

In September a young girl died after being battered and left on the railroad tracks.

Before 1970, according to Marion Lamm, who lived with the Indians for more than 30 years, "You would never hear of a murder or a suicide. It wasn't in their tradition. It's just against their whole way of life."

Many of the younger, more militant Indians are pressing for vigorous action. They claim that they have had enough of what they call the "white man's slow death." Tommy Keesick, 29, the head of the Warrior Society, asked,

The Canadian government outlawed commercial fishing but inexplicably let sport fishing continue.

FISH FOR FUN
FISHERMEN
WARNING:
FOR THE PROTECTION OF YOUR HEALTH... FISH FROM THESE WATERS SHOULD NOT BE EATEN BECAUSE OF MERCURY CONTAMINATION.
ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF LANDS AND FORESTS

"Does the government want 300 of our people to die before they do something about it?"

He charged that if 1,000 white citizens of Toronto were threatened as the Indians have been, the government reaction would be much more immediate.

Fred Kelly, an Indian leader in Ontario, says the government is involved in "massive political cover-up" and has withheld information from the endangered Indians. Specifically, he claims that the government took 20 tons of fish from the river several years ago and fed them to cats. Every one of the cats developed symptoms of mercury poisoning, yet the Indians were never told about the results of the test, nor were they told directly to stop eating the fish. Kelly said that the Indians deserved at a minimum a new source of food and livelihood as well as a comprehensive examination of all the Indians who were affected by the polluted fish. Dr. James Clarkson, a world-renowned expert on mercury pollution, was supposedly hired by the federal government to begin testing the Indians for mercury poisoning, but so far the government has not been willing to spend the $100 per person to do a full clinical examination of all the Indians who might be affected.

Blake Fleetwood last reported for New Times *on white-collar crime.*

The government has refused to close down the river completely. In fact, the government of Ontario itself runs a large tourist camp on the polluted river and the managers there encourage tourists to eat the fish they catch at "shore lunches" along with their Indian guides. Dr. Clarkson has said that the fisherman who stays up there three weeks and eats fish every day "runs a very real chance of suffering permanent damage."

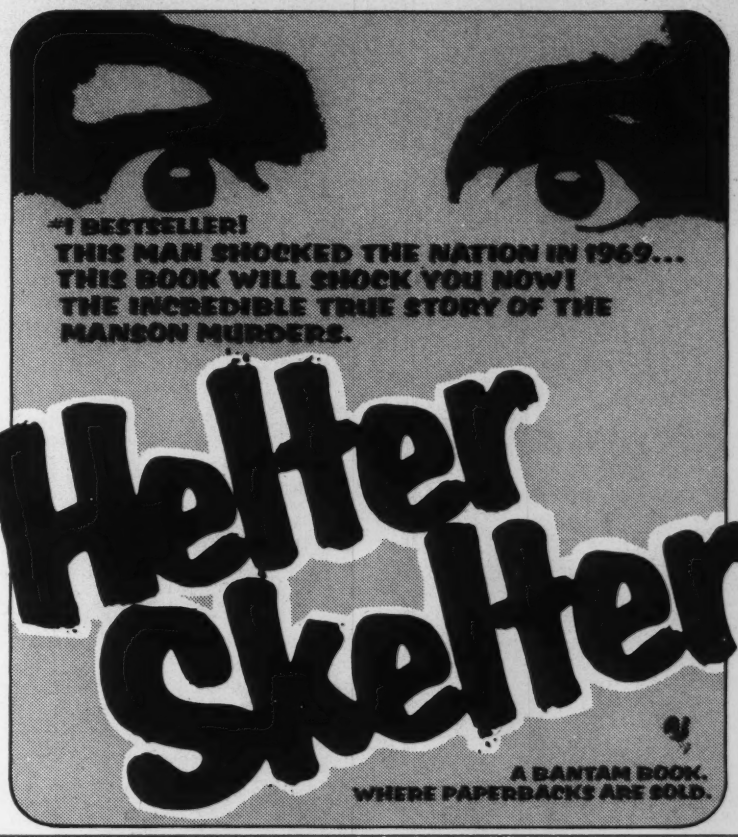
Dryden Paper has been strangely silent about the issue. Sometime this fall they are slated to switch over to a paper-making process that will do without mercury altogether. Nevertheless, the mercury already in the river will, according to most experts, continue to pollute the fish for a period of eight years or more.

Robert W. Billingsly, president of Reed Paper, Dryden's parent corporation, said recently that his company "had a heart," but at no time did he or anyone else attempt to communicate with the Indians whose lives they ruined, nor at any time did they try to provide an alternate source of livelihood for them. Billingsly righteously maintained that his company had "rigorously met and exceeded all government standards regarding the discharge of mercury." What he neglected to say is that before 1972 there were no government standards, and even though the company was treating its own employees for mercury poisoning in the late 1960s, it neglected to share its medical knowledge with the Indians and tourist operators who suffered because of its polluted wastes.

The Ojibway Indians "are just a fragment of what they once were," says a bush pilot who visits the area often. "They used to be strong, proud people. Now they just sit looking out into space all day. There is no purpose in their lives."

The results cannot be immediately reversed. The river that provided them with jobs and food is destroyed. And the disease will only continue to spread.

"I have caught fish in this river since I was eight years old," says Chief Keewatin. "I know the fish and the animals and they know me. I can tell you each rock and bend in the river for forty miles in each direction. I know where the fish like to feed and when. These are things that were taught to me by my father, and they were taught to him by his father. Now there is no one I can teach these things to. The river, which was always a source of life to my people, is now a source of poison and death." ●


#1 BESTSELLER!
THIS MAN SHOCKED THE NATION IN 1969...
THIS BOOK WILL SHOCK YOU NOW!
THE INCREDIBLE TRUE STORY OF THE
MANSON MURDERS.
Helter Skelter
A BANTAM BOOK.
WHERE PAPERBACKS ARE SOLD.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Copy:

NAME

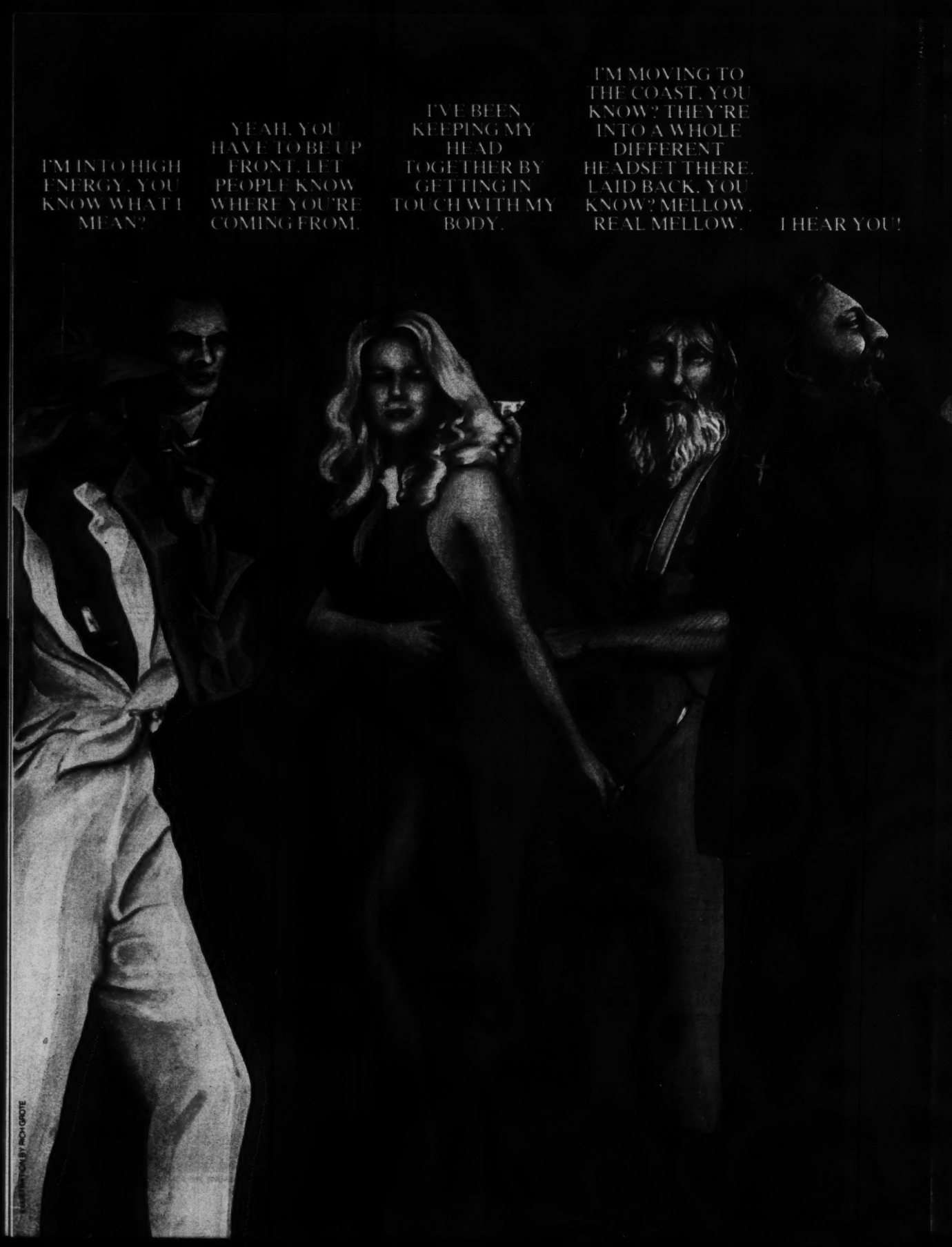
ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

Send to:
Anne L. Holton
NEW TIMES Magazine
1 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

I enclose $_____ for _____ words. To run in ____ issues. 85¢ per word, minimum 10 words. 75¢ per word, 6 insertions. 65¢ per word, 12 insertions or more. P.O. Box number and telephone numbers count as two words each: Abbreviations and zip codes count as one word each. Area codes must accompany phone numbers. Full payment must accompany order. Make checks payable to New Times Communication Corp.


I'M IN TO HIGH ENERGY. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
YEAH. YOU HAVE TO BE UP FRONT. LET PEOPLE KNOW WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM.
I'VE BEEN KEEPING MY HEAD TOGETHER BY GETTING IN TOUCH WITH MY BODY.
I'M MOVING TO THE COAST. YOU KNOW? THEY'RE INTO A WHOLE DIFFERENT HEADSET THERE. LAID BACK. YOU KNOW? MELLOW. REAL MELLOW.
I HEAR YOU!
ILLUSTRATION BY RICH GROTE

YOU GOTTA GO WITH YOUR FEELINGS. LET IT HAPPEN. IT'S ALL PROGRESS.
I JUST GET PARANOID WITH MORE THAN ONE PERSON AROUND. I CAN'T HELP IT. I'M TRYING TO WORK IT THROUGH AND BE LESS UPTIGHT.

PSYCHOBABBLE

A monotonous psychological patter is tyrannizing conversations everywhere—all in the name of candor

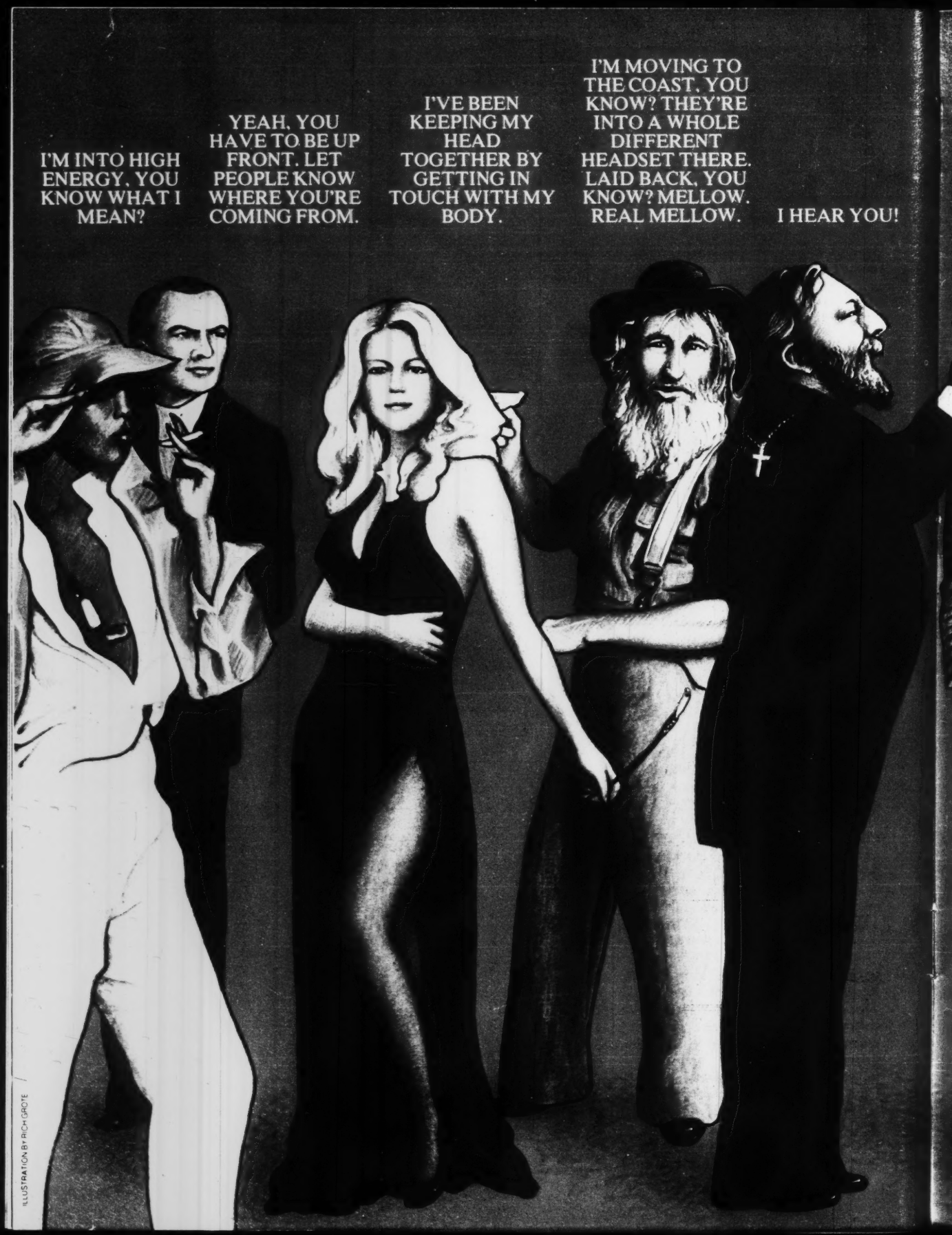
By R. D. Rosen

While having drinks recently with a young woman I had not seen for some time, I asked how things were going and received this reply: "I've really been getting in touch with myself lately. I've struck some really deep chords." I recoiled slightly at the grandeur of her remarks, but she proceeded, undaunted, to reel out a string of broad psychological insights with an enthusiasm attributable less to her Tequila Sunrises than to the confessional spirit that is sweeping America.

I could not help thinking that I disappointed her with my inability to summon more lyricism and intensity in my own conversation. Now that reticence has gone out of style, I sensed an obligation to reciprocate her candor but couldn't bring myself to use the popular catch phrases of revelation. Would she understand if I said that instead of striking deep chords I had merely tickled the ivories of my psychic piano? That getting my head together was not exactly the way in which I wanted to describe what was going on above *my* neck? Surely it wouldn't do any good if I resorted to more precise, but pompously clinical, language and admitted that I was well on my way to resolving my attitude toward my own maternal introject.

"Whenever I see you," she said brightly, "it makes me feel very good inside. It's a real high-energy experience."

So what was wrong with me that I couldn't feel the full voltage of our meeting. Unable to match her incandescence, I simply agreed, "Yes, it's good to see


I'M INTO HIGH ENERGY. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
YEAH. YOU HAVE TO BE UP FRONT. LET PEOPLE KNOW WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM.
I'VE BEEN KEEPING MY HEAD TOGETHER BY GETTING IN TOUCH WITH MY BODY.
I'M MOVING TO THE COAST. YOU KNOW? THEY'RE INTO A WHOLE DIFFERENT HEADSET THERE. LAID BACK, YOU KNOW? MELLOW. REAL MELLOW.
I HEAR YOU!
ILLUSTRATION BY RICH GROTE

PSYCHOBABBLE

A monotonous psychological patter is tyrannizing conversations everywhere—all in the name of candor

By R. D. Rosen

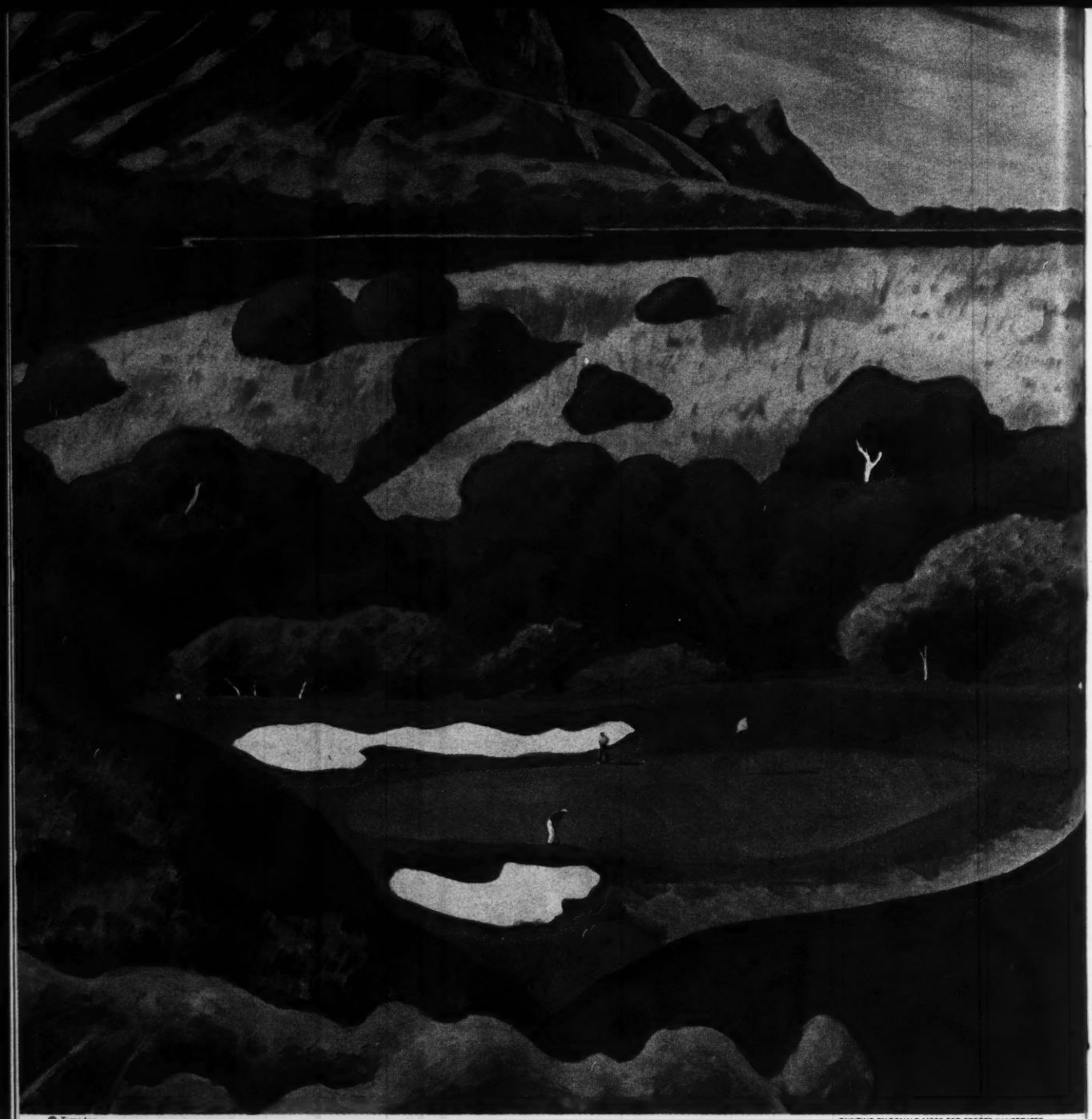
YOU GOTTA GO WITH YOUR FEELINGS. LET IT HAPPEN. IT'S ALL PROGRESS.
I JUST GET PARANOID WITH MORE THAN ONE PERSON AROUND. I CAN'T HELP IT. I'M TRYING TO WORK IT THROUGH AND BE LESS UPTIGHT.

While having drinks recently with a young woman I had not seen for some time, I asked how things were going and received this reply: "I've really been getting in touch with myself lately. I've struck some really deep chords." I recoiled slightly at the grandeur of her remarks, but she proceeded, undaunted, to reel out a string of broad psychological insights with an enthusiasm attributable less to her Tequila Sunrises than to the confessional spirit that is sweeping America.

I could not help thinking that I disappointed her with my inability to summon more lyricism and intensity in my own conversation. Now that reticence has gone out of style, I sensed an obligation to reciprocate her candor but couldn't bring myself to use the popular catch phrases of revelation. Would she understand if I said that instead of striking deep chords I had merely tickled the ivories of my psychic piano? That getting my head together was not exactly the way in which I wanted to describe what was going on above *my* neck? Surely it wouldn't do any good if I resorted to more precise, but pompously clinical, language and admitted that I was well on my way to resolving my attitude toward my own maternal introject.

"Whenever I see you," she said brightly, "it makes me feel very good inside. It's a real high-energy experience."

So what was wrong with me that I couldn't feel the full voltage of our meeting. Unable to match her incandescence, I simply agreed, "Yes, it's good to see



© Time Inc.

PAINTING BY DONALD MOSS FOR SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Sports Illustrated makes the world look bright because sports make the world look bright. It's that simple.

You get out on a sunny golf course or play a few sets of tennis or watch a bang-up football game...and somehow, everything looks brighter and more optimistic.

No wonder Sports Illustrated works so hard for advertising. The happy atmosphere's infectious. The good spirits rub off on everything in its pages.

When people are reading SI, they're open-minded and positive.

A campaign in Sports Illustrated? It's a very bright idea.

Sports Illustrated

What other newsweekly makes the world look so bright?

you, too," then fell silent.

Finally she said, her beatific smile widening, "But I can really dig your silence. If you're bummed out, that's OK."

If anything characterizes the cultural life of the Seventies in America, it is an insistence on preventing failures of communication. Everything must now be spoken. The Kinsey Report, Masters and Johnson, *The Joy of Sex* and its derivatives; The *Playboy* Advisor, the *Penthouse* Forum, *Oui*'s Sex Tapes; contraception; Esalen and the human potential movement; the democratization of psychotherapy—all these various oils have helped lubricate the national tongue. It's as if the full bladder of civilization's squeamishness has finally burst. The sexual revolution, this therapeutic age, has culminated in one profuse, steady stream of self-revelation, confessed profligacy and publicized domestic trauma.

It seems that almost everybody belongs to the Cult of Candor these days, and that everyone who does speaks the same dialect. Are you relating? Good. Are you getting in touch with yourself? Fine. Gone through some heavy changes? Doing your own thing? (Or are you, by some mistake, doing someone else's?) Is your head screwed on straight? Are you going to get your act together, or just your shit? Are you mind-fucked, or just engaging in mental foreplay?

One hears it everywhere, like endless panels of a Feiffer cartoon. In restaurants distraught lovers lament, "I wish I could get into your head." A man on a bus says to his companion, "I just got back from the coast. What a different headset!" The latest reports from a corrupt Esalen provide us with new punch lines: A group leader there intones that "it's beautiful if you're unhappy. Go with the feeling. . . . You gotta be you 'cause you're you and you gotta be, and besides, if you aren't gonna be you who else's gonna be you, honey. . . . This is the Aquarian Age and the time to be oneself, to love one's beauty, to go with one's process."

Are you sufficiently laid back to read this article? Will it be a heavy experience, or merely the mock?

It's time we lend a name to this monotonous patois, this psychological patter, whose concern is to faithfully catalog the ego's condition: Psychobabble. As Psychobabble begins to tyrannize conversations everywhere, it is difficult to avoid, and there is an embarrassment involved in not using it in the presence of other Psychobabblers that is akin to the mild humiliation experienced by American tourists in Paris who cannot speak the native language. It is now spoken by magazine editors, management consultants, sandal makers, tool and die workers and Ph.Ds in clinical psychology alike. What the sociologist Philip Rieff in the mid-Sixties called "Psychological Man," that mid-20th century victim of his own interminable introspection, has become Psychobabbler, the victim of his own inability to describe human behavior with anything but platitudes.

Psychobabble seems to have emerged toward the end of the Sixties, distilled from the dying rad/lib dialects of political activism and the newly thriving language of the human potential movement with its Fritz Perls of wisdom. Activism was acquiring more and more of a therapeutic cast, and the radical battles, once fought exclusively in the real political world, were now being enacted in the individual psyche. T-groups, encounter groups, sensitivity training, group gropes, drama and primal therapies all helped shape the trend. Two years ago, when Jerry Rubin proclaimed in *Psychology Today* that he was going back to his body, where the real wars of liberation were taking place, those who hadn't already preceded him now clamored to trade in their political critiques for therapeutic ideals. The disaffected were saying "Off the pigs" one day and "Man, I really feel tense, don't mess with my head" the next.

Of course, this is not the first time in our history that psychological ideas have dominated national conversation. The old Psychobabble, however, was really just the wholesale use of Freudian terms, less banter than a sort of intellectual one-upmanship. In post-World War II America, Freudian terminology was embraced by liberal magazines, novelists and enough of the middle class so that the growing demand for psychoanalysis easily outdistanced the supply of doctors.

As one Boston psychoanalyst, who has practiced for over 30 years, says, "After the war, everyone was talking simplistically about the Oedipus complex. It was the rage. Everyone had the idea that knowledge itself would make you free." Now he has to listen to the new Psychobabble. A social worker patient in his 30s, himself a group leader, eagerly responded at the beginning of therapy to each interpretation his analyst made by saying, "I hear you, I hear you."

"I'm sorry," said the doctor, "I didn't know you were a little deaf."

"I'm not. I *hear* you. It means I comprehend."

"Well, *what* do you comprehend?"

The patient paused. "Jesus," he replied, "I don't know."

Psychobabble, the psychoanalyst says, "is just a way of using candor in order not to be candid." The dangers of the old Psychobabble were remarked upon as early as 1929 in an article by Joseph Jastrow in *The Century* entitled "The Freudian Temper and Its Menace to the Lay Mind." In it, Jastrow quotes a Boston analyst, Dr. Myerson of Beacon Street: "Everybody talks glibly of repression, complexes, sublimation, wish fulfillment and subconsciousness as if they really understood Freud and what he was talking about. Gentle reader, let me say this, that with the exception of a few professional philosophers, psychologists, psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, I have not met a dozen people who knew more than the terms of Freud."

The new Psychobabblers, however, don't even seem to know the terms—of Freud, Jung, Adler, or any body of psychological thought. Their language seems to free-float in some linguistic atmosphere, a set of repetitive verbal formalities that kills off the very spontaneity, candor and understanding it pretends to promote. It's an idiom that reduces psychological insight and therapeutic processes to a collection of standardized insights, that provides only a limited lexicon to deal with an infinite variety of problems. "Uptight" is a word now used to describe an individual who is experiencing anything from mild uneasiness to a clinical depression. To ask someone why he or she refers to another as being "hung-up" produces a reply along the lines of: "*Why?* Man, he's just *hung-up.*" Oddly, those few psychiatric terms borrowed by Psychobabble are used recklessly. One is no longer fearful; one is *paranoid.* The adjective is applied to the populace with a generosity that must confuse real clinical paranoiacs. Increasingly, people describe their moody friends as *manic-depressives,* and almost anyone you don't like is psychotic, or at least *schizzed-out.*

The Cult of Candor, and particularly its language, Psychobabble, is a feature of contemporary decorum, a form of *politesse,* a signal to others that one is ready to talk a certain kind of turkey, to engage in *real dialogue.* And real dialogue, it turns out, is often no more than a monologue. When I asked a man to whom I had just been introduced at a party recently, "How do you do?" he responded by describing, with an utter disrespect for brevity, his relationship

---

R.D. Rosen is a staff writer for the Boston Phoenix.

with his wife. Confession is the new handshake.

If Psychobabble were a question of language alone, the worst one could say about it is that it is just another example of the corrosion and unimaginativeness of spoken English. But the prevalence of Psychobabble reflects more than a mere "loss for words." It indicates that, in an era when the national gaze has turned inward, and in a country that needs therapy perhaps more than any other, Americans still have enormous difficulty in understanding the depth of their psychological problems, perhaps even in understanding that psychological problems *have* depth.

Even among the well-analyzed and congenitally content there is a tendency to believe in the new ethos of "being oneself" and in the promises of total liberation. This trend has been well-documented in some excellent books during the last ten years. In his recent *Social Amnesia: A Critique of Conformist Psychology from Adler to Laing*, leftist historian Russell Jacoby noted that the reasons for this current occupation with self and individuality go beyond the voluntary desire to be spiritualized: "The more the development of late capitalism renders obsolete or at least suspect the real possibilities of self, self-fulfillment and actualization, the more they are emphasized as if they could spring to life through an act of will alone." For instance, here's an advertisement from *Publishers Weekly* for Martin Shepard's latest book, *The Do-It-Yourself Psychotherapy Book:* "This book will save you thousands of dollars and give you control of your own life and your best self. *No More* Paid Advisors, Sex Hangups, Feelings of Inferiority, Psychosomatic Illness, Guilt. *Enjoy* More Personal Power, Boundless Sensual Pleasure, New-Found Self Reliance, Your Birthright of Health, New Lifestyles."

This notion that psychological growth may be achieved through an act of sheer ego that takes into account neither history nor one's own unconscious leads to a kind of narcissism, perfectly embodied by our previously quoted Esalen group leader in this conversation reported in a *Village Voice* article:

> "Leo," said Miriam, "you have to realize the important thing is living in the present moment. You have to be fully aware in the now, that's the trick."
>
> "Beautiful," said Shirley, "beautiful. It's just like the Aquarian Age."
>
> "Shirley," said Leo, "you've got to stop that Aquarian Age stuff. If this is the Aquarian Age, we're in trouble, we've been screwed by Nixon, we've been screwed by Ford, and we're letting Kissinger screw everyone he wants."
>
> "I don't understand politics," said Shirley. "I don't know anything about politics, so I don't feel as if I'd been screwed. It's not part of my reality, so it's not true for me."

Psychobabble has insinuated itself into many American art forms, and in most cases this is no surprise. That we can now hear it on *The Bob Newhart Show*, in which Newhart plays a Chicago psychotherapist, seems only fitting for a medium that unerringly reflects mid-cult values. In rock music, the incidence of Psychobabble is high, which is only natural for an art form whose audience does not prize it above all for its ability to elucidate and whose requirements of rhyme and comprehensibility do not encourage the refinement of insights (ideas are normally at the mercy of "love/above," "out tonight/treat her right" couplets). But it is interesting to note that the English progressive rock group Gentle Giant has a song called "Knots," based on R.D. Laing's book, that the American group The Flock has a new cut titled "My O.K. Today," inspired by their reading of *I'm O.K! You're O.K!* and that lines like Todd Rundgren's "Get your trip together, be a real man" abound more than ever. But the most eloquent Psychobabbler in rock music today is John Denver, who, fresh from Erhard Seminars Training in California, now sounds like the Fritz Perls posters that adorned the walls of student cells in 1971. From his *Rolling Stone* interview of last May:

The sexual revolution has culminated in one profuse stream of self-revelation and publicized domestic trauma

> How far out it is to be a bird and fly around the trees. I am what I've always wanted to be and that is the truth. And I think—in fact, it's not what I think, but I observe that if people were to really take a good look at themselves, they are exactly the way that they have always wanted to be. . . . My experience is that if I can tell you the truth, just lay it out there, then I have totally opened up a space for you to be who you are and that it really opens up all the room in the world for us to do whatever we want to do in regard to each other. If I don't like you, I'll tell you. And that's great.

As for contemporary films that deal in Psychobabble (*Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore, Diary of a Mad Housewife, I Love You, Alice B. Toklas* and others), one is always tempted to praise highly those that capture the essence of Psychobabble dialogues, simply on the basis of verisimilitude. Because film and also rock music are to some extent engaged in *representing* the way people talk, and not in analyzing why, they are easy targets to attack for using Psychobabble. One has to look elsewhere to find a medium that has truly suffered at the hands of Psychobabble.

Such a victim is American publishing (although one might also say it victimizes itself). Psychobabble's influence on publishing in this country has been disastrous, and the number of Psychobabble books offered to the public with a solemnity reserved for great works is astounding. Seventeen years ago, Alfred Kazin derided the Myth of Universal Creativity engendered by the Freud craze, "the assumption," as he put it, "that every idle housewife was meant to be a painter and that every sexual deviant is really a poet." The time has never been more propitious than now for ordinary citizens to spill their beans in print. To an older and still mistaken belief that you only had to be neurotic to create has been added the more recent societal sanction—that, according to the Cult of Candor, it is virtuous to reveal to as many people as possible the tragedies and erotic and emotional secrets of one's private life. It seems that all one needs today in order to become a bona fide author is a few months of therapy and an ability to compose grammatical sentences.

Books written in Psychobabble almost always seem "touchingly human," as the phrase goes, but in their simplification of human problems they engage in what Jacoby has called (referring to the neo-Freudians, to whom Psychobabblers are indebted) "the monotonous discovery of common sense." They present revelation uninformed by history, unmediated by ideology; like verbal home movies.

Now this tendency has flowered in the garden of rampant Psychobabble. In the newly released book *Intimate Feedback: A Lover's Guide to Getting in Touch With Each Other* by Barrie and

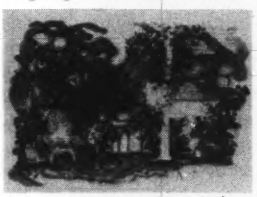
How to tell original prints from cheap reproductions.

Buying original prints is an excellent way for the novice to make a modest investment in beautiful works of art.

The buyer had better beware, however.

As more and more attention is being given to art as an investment, more and more dealers are trying to pass off cheap reproductions as fine art.

At the Original Print Collectors Group, we sell only fine original works to a growing number of people who are enthusiastic about buying good art at moderate prices.



Ronald Christensen's original serigraph, "Summer Porch," limited edition of 150.

One of our primary concerns is to educate our customers, so that they'll be able to discriminate and get true value for their money.

A few pointers, then, about original prints:

Original prints, whatever the process used to create them, are "hand-pulled" under the artist's supervision, or by the artist himself. This means that any work produced photographically or by another purely mechanical process is not an original print.

Has the work been "hand-pulled"?

If you examine a print under a magnifying glass and discover a regular pattern of small dots, you will know immediately that it is not an original work.

If the print is a serigraph (produced by a silk-screen process), the ink will seem rather like paint and appear to be sitting upon (rather than absorbed into) the paper.

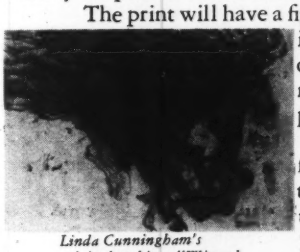
Etchings and engravings will produce a physical impression on the paper itself.

Contemporary original prints will always be signed in pencil by the artist himself, to indicate personal supervision and approval of the individual print.

Is the edition limited and is the print numbered?

Original prints are always produced in limited editions, at the most several hundred copies. If thousands of copies are available, then the work is almost certainly *not* original. (In most cases, to assure that the integrity of their work is not violated, artists will destroy the plate after the edition has been produced.)

The print will have a figure on its border, indicating the number of prints pulled and the number of the individual print in the sequence.



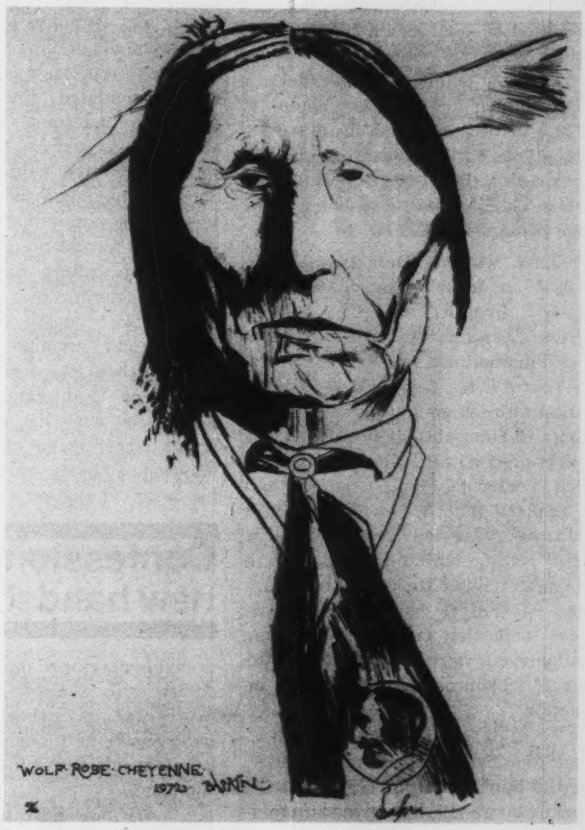
Linda Cunningham's original etching, "Winged Pegasus," limited edition of 60.

For example, the figure 50/100 means that the edition has been limited to 100, and that this is the 50th print pulled.

There's a lot more to be learned about buying original prints, more than we can tell you on this page.

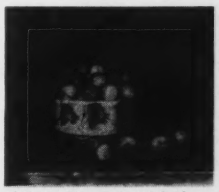
But if you'll send for our free color brochure, we'll be happy to tell you more, and show you the quality and variety of the prints we offer.

Leonard Baskin's original lithograph, "Wolf•Robe•Cheyenne," limited edition of 160.



Did the artist personally sign the individual work?

They include limited edition etchings, serigraphs and lithographs by both contemporary and traditional artists with international reputations. Some examples: Baskin, Calder, Dali, Delacroix, Picasso and Renoir.



J. C. Chauray's original lithograph, "Les Cerises," limited edition of 125.

If you decide to buy a print, we'll frame it handsomely and send it to you with a full money back guarantee. If you're not satisfied for any reason, you simply return your print and get a full refund.

We'll also send you a brochure, every two months, featuring new selections of prints, along with an informative newsletter.

If you're interested in investing in art, invest a 10¢ stamp in your art education and send for our brochure today.

Original print collectors group, Ltd.
120 East 56th Street, Dept. NT, New York, N.Y. 10022

☐ Send me your free color brochure.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Charlotte Hopson (Simon & Schuster), we are offered these startling insights, quintessentially Psychobabble:

> Who am I? This is a question which has always been central to man's awareness of himself.
>
> Human existence is exemplified by one person trying to communicate with others.
>
> When couples say that they have nothing new to learn about each other, this is due to stereotyped communication patterns, unless they really do not like one another and have no interest in their partner.

Last winter, Delacorte Press published an autobiographical account by Harry C. Lyon Jr. entitled *It's Me and I'm Here!* Even the title, all too reminiscent of Transactional Analysis' bible, *I'm O.K! You're O.K!*, suggested a giddy infatuation with self-actualization—and the contents did not disappoint. Lyon was raised bourgeois, attended West Point, bedded women by subtle coercion and then realized that he was living by a morality that directed emotional traffic without getting him anywhere. Off to Esalen, naturally. In the book's foreward, human potential psychologist Carl Rogers tells us that he "became thoroughly convinced that [Lyon] was 'for real.'" Lyon concurs in his own introduction:

> Look, my life has been exciting. It has been strange and painful, and I don't know quite what to make of it myself. But I want you to touch it—touch me—because I so much want to reach you. I want you to feel that pain and joy I have felt. . . .

It's Me and I'm Here! is just another tale told by an ego tumescent with spiritual pride.

What Psychobabble encourages in the way of shoddy thinking, and this is easily observed in recent books written in Psychobabble, is the propensity to interpret psychological characteristics as conscious choices or determined purely by culture instead of functions also of the unconscious, instinctual life. In *Harper's* magazine's "Wraparound" section on "Masculinity" a couple of months ago, one woman wrote:

> I chose lesbianism because I'm a female chauvinist. The strongest reason for my female chauvinism is woman's innate respect for life, unshared by men, I believe, because men do not bear or nurture living things.

It is not uncommon these days to hear people speak about their homosexuality as a "preferred" form of sexual life or defend their three divorces because "marriage simply doesn't work anymore"—all as if what one is, what has become of one, has been nothing more than a *moral* choice, a decision to participate in a prevailing and attractive ideology; as if the instinctual life of one's childhood and the concept of repression have nothing to do with it, outdated "Freudian" ideas designed to undermine one's will, one's ability to do and be exactly what one wants. Even the existence of the unconscious has fallen out of favor, now just some quaint notion that only complicates the breezy formulations of Psychobabble. Pop psych culture has seized on the Laingian assertion that there isn't even a difference of degree anymore between "sanity" and "insanity"; one can choose between them like a grocery shopper at the frozen food section. Note, for instance, the way that Psychobabble obscures the subtle, but existing distinctions between pathology and habit. Psychobabble describes anyone with a commitment

Confession is the new handshake

or highly developed interest as a *freak*. A composer is a *music-freak*, a writer a *word-freak*, a cyberneticist a *computer-freak*—as though one's profession is in fact just one's chosen perversion or stimulant.

We now have the ideals of "the totally liberated person" and "doing your own thing," concepts that dislodge the goals of human growth from the sources of the conflicts that impede it. Take Louise Diane Campanelli, whose recent book, *Sex and All You Can Eat* (Lyle Stuart), is a masterpiece of the banality of liberation. Repulsed by her husband's obesity, she went out and had, at last count, 62 lovers. Her psychiatrist, himself a Psychobabbler, has provided an introduction in which he tells us that the book's theme "concerns the poignant life story of a young woman of foreign parentage who is caught in a clash of cultures, as well as in an identity crisis." From his description, it sounds like Henry James. "As her psychiatrist," he concludes with all the solicitude of a child's piano teacher, "I can say with confidence that she has come a long way. She still has a long way to go."

Campanelli herself begins by reassuring her readers that:

> There is a tremendous amount of adultery going on in America today. Going on, indeed, at this very minute. Yes, while you read, thousands upon thousands of couples are coupling in hotel and motel rooms, in the rear seats of automobiles, and in "his" or "her" bedroom because the spouse is safely away.

By the book's end, she has refined her perceptions: "Adultery has changed my life. . . . One thing I've learned is that there are very few men and women in our society who are true to another person 24 hours a day, 365 days a year."

If women are testing their independence and making domestic jailbreaks, then many men are certainly suffering as a result. Male response has been in many quarters a sudden and useful self-scrutiny, culminating here and there in pedantic apologies. (In America, where movements spring up overnight like fast-food outlets, the New Femininity must be met with a New Masculinity; all God's children gotta have ideology.) In the case of the pseudonymous Albert Martin and his recent *One Man, Hurt* (Macmillan), though, there is only a bewildered lament. His wife of 20 years asked him for a divorce in 1972. He couldn't understand why she didn't love him, but readers of his 278-page account will no doubt get some idea. Martin, in reality a New York public relations executive by another name, has a very one-dimensional understanding of his failed marriage and yearns, in interminable paragraphs, for an uncluttered security in the face of this threat to his male's worldview, one he is not in the least capable of modifying to accommodate his wife's side of the story. His writing has all the flair of a personal letter dashed off at 3:00 in the morning. *One Man, Hurt* is self-justification dressed as compassion—and reading it only inspired respect for his ex-wife for not having felt similarly compelled to burden the reading public with her grievances.

When Martin tries to be reflective (which requires a great effort), he pawns his troubles off on external forces:

> I think there are bad times to be certain things in history. It was bad to be a witch in Salem in the 1700s, bad to be a Negro in America before May 1954 [and it's a joy being one now, Al?], bad to be a polio victim the year before they discovered the vaccine. And I know it is bad to be in marital trouble in America today because the times have never been worse for getting effective help.

The implied equation of his predicament with religious persecution, racial injustice

and severe physical handicap is an indication of how little Martin is willing to understand the nature of marriage, and his in particular. *One Man, Hurt* is further proof that there is today a publishing house (and its promotion and advertising department) ready to hear anybody's complaint.

The publishing industry's enthusiasm for Psychobabble of the above variety as well as of the more explicitly therapeutic strain *(How To Be Your Own Best Friend, How To Be Awake & Alive, When I Say No, I Feel Guilty)*—a story in itself—was foreshadowed during the past five or six years by the success of confessional books. To name but a few, Gestalt Therapy "refounder" Fritz Perls' *In and Out the Garbage Pail* was a lesson in incontinent narcissism ("I am becoming a public figure," he announces on page 1); R.D. Laing's *Knots* made relationships seem irresistibly complex; Nancy Friday gave women's sexual fantasies a good name with *My Secret Garden* and *Forbidden Flowers;* Erica Jong aired her own fantasies in her too-touted *Fear of Flying;* and an equally overrated book, Nigel Nicolson's tribute to his famous parents, Harold Nicolson and Vita Sackville-West, in *Portrait of a Marriage,* endowed the polymorphous perverse with historical dignity.

Now that the genre has been appropriated by every other divorcee, adulterer and successfully therapized individual, there may be no end in sight to the number of truisms published as striking revelation, to the prurience parading as sociology. The apparently insatiable American appetite for Psychobabble in print may be an indication of several things: That this society has become so atomized that the emotional strength once derived from communities and the extended family can now only be obtained from books; that the simple conviction in the noble savagery of freely playing emotions and the unqualified virtues of "liberation" has now displaced an understanding of the difficult, dialectical nature of psychological growth and change; that a country with a paltry sense of its own short national history (and therefore an imperialist disregard for the history of other, older nations) breeds citizens who cannot grasp the importance of their own private history and childhood and so act as if they were free to select any form of enlightenment that they find appealing.

The popularity of Psychobabble has eclipsed the public taste for literature, in which there are surely more compelling answers to human problems than there are to be found in the books I've mentioned and those like them. Novelists are slowly going out of business while small-town gurus appear on talk shows to exchange insights with Joey Bishop.

Please! No more books by unhappy housewives crying, "I've just got to be me!" No more 33-year-old ad agency executives telling me how they make men want to get into their pants at the singles bar! No more divorced men screaming for justice! No more daydreams of Great Danes with searching tongues! Enough!

This very week in the bookstores, one can find on the hard-cover nonfiction shelf *Your Inner Conflicts—How To Solve Them; How To Give and Receive Advice; How To Live With Another Person; Free To Love: Creating and Sustaining Intimacy in Marriage; Stand Up, Speak Out, Talk Back* and countless others. The field of self-help and confession is becoming so specialized that before long we might well have Psychobabble books written on the thinnest pretexts: *How To Grocery Shop Without Having an Anxiety Attack, How To Achieve Transference in Elevators, You CAN Marry Your Mother, The Promiscuous Coleus.*

Words themselves do not "cure" a person, and words themselves, even the most virulent Psychobabble, cannot make one "sick." However, in the absence of more profound understandings of what we feel and why we feel it, Psychobabble deludes many people into thinking they need not examine themselves with anything but its dull instruments. The danger of Psychobabble is that it anesthetizes curiosity, numbs the desire to know. And, in that state, emotional growth is eventually stunted, no matter how many times one repeats, "I've just got to go with my feelings." Knowledge itself may not free anyone, but the lack of it only reinforces the chains.

Language may, in the end, prove too inadequate to systematically describe wants, desires and emotional states in general. Even the borders delineated by clinical terminology blur badly in the face of actual human behavior. The best one can do now is challenge Psychobabble by declining courteously to accept its usage, as did a young man I know who grew up in a suburb with a group of peers who were "morbidly sensitive to each other's feelings, you know the kind. They'd get into these psychosensitive moods." He dated a girl from the group who one day asked him point-blank if he was getting his head together.

"Yes," he replied. "I can feel it congealing." ●

HEAD SHOP BY MAIL

Send $1 (refundable with purchase) for our new 56 page catalog of underground comix, pipes, clips, papers, T-Shirts and hard-to-find books. Freak Xmas cards too!

Send $1 to:

KRUPP MAIL ORDER
P.O. BOX 9090N
BOULDER, CO. 80301

KEEP NEW TIMES NEW.

This durable, custom-designed Library Case will protect your copies of NEW TIMES from dust and wear while it helps you conserve space and reduce clutter. In handsome red simulated leather, its spine is embossed with 16-k gold lettering. Each Library Case also includes a gold transfer so you can record the volume and year. Please order below.

TO: Jesse Jones Box Corp.
P.O. Box 5120, Dept. NT
Philadelphia, PA. 19141

Please send me _____ NEW TIMES Library Cases. Prices: $4.95 each; 3 for $14; 6 for $24. My check (or money order) for $_____ is enclosed.

Only U.S. orders accepted.

NAME _____
(please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Note: Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Allow 3 weeks for delivery.

CONFESSIONS OF A MODERN-DAY AMBULANCE CHASER

There are 60 counts of mail fraud and insurance fraud pending against Jimmy Morgan. But for seven years, specializing in phony accident cases, the lawyer was raking in $125,000 annually

By Robert Ward

Jimmy Morgan is 5 foot 10, goes about 230. He sits across his big oak desk from me and tries to tuck in the folds in his shirt so that he will be one clean line from shoulders to those huge feet, which are propped up on some old legal papers. It's a useless job; the man is simply too fat for his own good. But it wasn't always that way. Ten years ago, when I knew him, he was riding choppers and had a kind of svelte "muscle and grit" Angel's look. Not much with words but hell to pay on his big Harley, buzzing out Route 40 to bars like the Starlight Club and Hollywood Park. He looked good in those days, but he didn't feel like much. No bread, always working construction, hustling nickel and dime jobs. Now he's entitled to a few extra pounds. He's got a wife, and two kids, and he's a very hard-working lawyer. He spends about 13 hours a day right here in this office in a seedy old building in downtown Baltimore. And for his time, he makes about $125,000 a year. The only thing that hasn't changed about Jimmy's life is the size of his shoe and the habit he has always had of twisting his ankle when he is uncomfortable. Like right now, while he's telling me how he fully expects to beat the 60 counts of mail fraud, insurance fraud, etc., ad nauseam that the insurance companies and the Feds are laying on him.

Jimmy Morgan is a lawyer. He specializes in accident cases. In plain language, Morgan is a modern-day ambulance chaser. His face, sort of chunky and good-natured, is under control. The eyes are twinkling, the hands are moving like little confident circular engines, but the feet . . . the feet make a liar out of the face. Like when Jimmy says, "I fully expect to win the battle," the eyes twinkle like the happiest Rosicrucian, but those big size 14 Florsheims start bending in agony. It is as if the grand upshot of Jimmy Morgan's all-American hustle and subsequent downfall is being embodied right here in the feet. You can get the

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL GROSS

head to go along with losing your nice profitable gig. You can get the head to say, "What the hell?" when the Feds close you down and you have to shell out 50 grand for the big shot criminal lawyer. You can keep the eyes moving, the teeth clicking, even make the mouth stop drying up like the crops in western Maryland during drought season. . . . But the feet . . . the goddamn feet keep thinking about selling the beautiful split-level house nestled in the woods in Baltimore County. The house you dreamed and schemed and hustled State Farm and GEICO and Prudential for. The house you hoped the kids could grow up in, and go to the right schools—maybe Friends or St. Paul's or even out of state, Andover, maybe, not those public school dumps you were tossed out of. That part is hard to hide from the feet. The toes keep turning in, and the arches hurt more than usual . . . the feet are not going along with the act. Which is serious. Lose the flexibility in the toes and what might go next? Fingers, nostrils?

"Yeah, I'll tell you about it," Jimmy says. "It's a relief to talk about it. But don't think I feel guilty or that I'm going to take a fall. I'm confident . . . even though I'm the only guy on the list who is still standing fast. The rest of those chickenshits have ratted. They got Sy Silber first. De Muth from the Feds got him to spill the beans, and, after that, they hit one of the runners. Big Gus. But I've got a chance. I'm going to take it to the Supreme Court if I have to. I don't plan on doing any time behind bars."

Shangri-la on Baltimore Street

Two doors down from Polish Johnnie's on the Block is the Shangri-la Room. There is no overhead fan, no jovial Sidney Greenstreet, but there *is* a plastic palm and bag-eyed waitress who smiles down on us like she's staring into a caldron of boiling cats.

"I hope they nail you, Counselor," she says.

Her voice is all edges, slippery as shale in a rainstorm.

"No chance," Jimmy says, still smiling.

She smiles and places our vodka and tonics on the Formica tabletop.

"Here's to the Watergate boys," Jimmy says. "I identify strongly with those lads."

I raise my glass and take a sip. Jimmy downs his in one gulp.

"I got into claims adjusting because I was thrown out of high school for being poor. That sounds like bleeding heart bullshit, but it's not. I couldn't study. I couldn't concentrate, and I still resent the bastards for not helping me out. I was no isolated case. Most of my friends didn't finish either. None of them went to college. I was pretty well out of it. I didn't know what was going on. It was about '58, and so I did what everybody did. I joined the Marines. Parris Island. They were going to make a man out of me. Jesus . . . what bullshit. When I got out of the Marines, I still had nothing going. You know where I come from.

"If you're looking for a story about how sorry I am, forget it. I hustled for my money and I made plenty. I'm sorry I got caught. That's it"

There's not a chance for anybody to get out of there . . . so I'm unable to get a job. I don't even own a car. One day I saw an ad in the *News-Post* that said, 'Job with Insurance Company, Good Advancement, and Free Car.' That did it. Man, I wanted wheels so bad.

"So I got the job, claims adjuster. I didn't know anything about it, but it was great. At night I'd still hang out at the Hot Shoppe, but it was different . . . I had a company car. My friends looked up to me . . . .That's where I met my wife. You want to see her picture?"

He takes out a picture of his wife. A pretty girl, Italian looking, with a beehive hairdo.

"An old picture . . . .Anyway, we were really in love. We got married, had a kid. I asked the insurance company for a raise. Instead of $75 a week, they gave me $100. Up till then I had been a loyal company man. But that's when I started to realize I had just sort of traded one trap for another. I wasn't going to advance there . . . .I guess it threw me. It's hard to remember how you felt. I saw these punks with college degrees going by me. Guys with connections. That might have made me bitter. Anyway, I learned the claims business real good. Better than anybody. And I realized right then that for me, this was it. This was where I would make it or end up back in the old neighborhood. It wasn't a real choice. I didn't want to go back there. So I started going to U. of M. [University of Maryland]. Man, I hated that grind. Nine hours at the insurance company, and then night school. Seven years it took me. The only thing that kept me going was thinking about how much I was going to knock down when I got out. I wasn't born with a silver spoon up my ass. I hustled, and worked, and when I got my law degree, I switched sides. Instead of working for the insurance companies, I learned how to take them off. If you're looking for a story about how sorry I am, how wrong it is, forget it. I hustled for my money, and I made plenty. I'm sorry I got caught, that's it."

"Well, could you explain how you did it? I mean, the general idea of ambulance chasers is pretty . . . funny stuff."

Jimmy smiles and sips his drink. He has such a likable face. Friendly, happy. A good guy. Like Ed Rhymers, the smiling Allstate man who does commercials.

"I know . . . like that movie with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. *The Fortune Cookie*? Well, that's the favorite movie of the guys in my profession. A beautiful flick. But it leaves out a lot. It doesn't explain how it all works. Or the new technological improvements."

He orders some more drinks and nods his head.

"To begin with, the insurance companies have a very pat system. A guy has an accident, breaks his arm, goes to the lawyer, and the lawyer sees the claims adjuster. Now, if the accident is in some way debilitating . . . like the guy's a writer and can't write for a month . . . the lawyer says he'll settle outside the court. Actually, nearly all accidents are settled outside of the court, because it's cheaper and less hassle. Who wants to wait two years? So, what goes down is the insurance companies settle for three times the medical bill. It's just a formula. The guy spent a hundred bucks on his arm, he gets three hundred in compensation. So, knowing this . . . the lawyer steers the injured client to the right doctor. A doctor who says the medical bill is going to be much higher. It's going to be 'complicated.' The arm led to a twisted vertebra or a backache. That's a good one, though personally I've always liked to use 'pins and needles.' It's got a good sound. 'Doc, I got the pins and needles, spilled my coffee all over my ankles, hah.'

This is the third in Robert Ward's informal series of profiles on American hustlers. He has previously reported on a collection agent and a used-car salesman. In this story, as in the others, the names of the principals have been changed.

So now medical is up to a thousand, and you settle for three thousand."

"But how can you get the bill from a hundred to a thousand?"

"Easy . . . easy . . . .Let's say the patient has to go get the heat treatments. That's forty dollars a treatment, and he had to go ten times, four hundred bucks. Of course, most of the time, the patients don't even show up, but the docs write the bill anyway. Ten treatments. That's dangerous, though, because if they send me the bill and the Feds see it and get the patient to admit he only went, say, two times . . . then they get you on mail fraud. Oh, there's a lot of ways they can nail you. Anyway, there's a lot of treatments. Then there's neck braces. They can get pretty steep, too. Fifty dollars for a neck brace. Hell, a thousand dollars for a broken arm, after complications set in, is an everyday scam. But you are right. Sometimes the bills can get a little outrageous. Nevertheless, there are ways around that, too. In fact, that's how the claims adjuster gets in on it. You slip him a hundred bucks and he accepts the claims . . . .There are even a couple in Baltimore who are so hip, and are so good at getting outrageous bills past, that they demand and *get* fifteen percent of the settlement. They're real pros. Like any other agent. Show business or whatever. Geniuses, I call 'em."

The Runners

"How many cases a year do you handle?" I ask.

He wipes his mouth and shakes his head.

"I don't count 'em. Let me put it this way. Fifty cases a month. Fifty *new* cases a month."

"But how the hell do you get so many cases? Surely, you can't personally chase that many ambulances?"

Jimmy smiles and orders another drink and a plate of sharp cheddar cheese.

The waitress smiles and says at the Shangri-la Room cheese is served only on ham and cheese sandwiches, and there "ain't no sharp cheddar. We got American."

We settle for the drinks.

"No, I never chase ambulances. That's an old-fashioned concept. Like *The Fortune Cookie* again. The lawyer just doesn't chase ambulances personally. I mean it's beneath his professional dignity. We've got runners with scanners for all that. Scanners are very big these days."

"What are runners?"

"I was waiting for you to ask that. Runners are the most important part of the whole con. You got to have good runners. In my time, I've had the best."

The Touch

It is the second day of Jimmy Morgan's new "law" practice, 1968. He is sitting in his new office, the office he has been waiting for these seven long years. Sitting right across his big oak desk is The Touch. The Touch is black and 38 but he could pass for 25. He is a giant of a man; he once had a tryout with the Baltimore Colts. He still thinks he should have made it, but he's not complaining. He wears a 40-karat diamond ring on each and every finger, and his front tooth is filled with 20-karat gold. His sneaky brim hat is pulled down over his eye, and his shoes are pointy toed continentals, the kind only the bad bloods on The Ave. (Pennsylvania Avenue) can wear. He smiles, and as he presents his business card, Jimmy is impressed with his grace and delicacy. The calling card is gold with midnight blue lettering. It reads:

Business Consultants
No job too big or too small
The Touch
call 24 hours a day
PL3-4395

Jimmy stares at the card and The Touch's cane. It's black and walnut, but there are these sparkles floating in it. Diamonds! Jimmy is astounded. He's hit the big time.

"You like the cane?" The Touch says. "Wait till you see the El Dorado, baby. I got the police radio, with the scanner. The scanner allows me to get everything, every police call. Code 31s—that's your personal injury. And the big babies, Code 32s. The Big D. Death!"

Jimmy nods.

The Touch smiles and winks and nods his head.

"All you got to do, boss, is come across with the bread. I get a hundred a head. Bonus of twenty-five if I get 'em in the hospital. And there are special cases, in which we got to bargain. Loss of eyes. Loss of job. I know my law, baby. You be generous and we make out jes fine."

Jimmy reaches across the table and feels his hand fold like an accordian in those big black bones.

"We're in business, Counselor," The Touch says.

"One thing I want to make clear is . . . I never told anyone to fake an injury. That's another misconception people have about lawyers and insurance scams. They think we get a dude to come in and we tell 'em, 'You're the victim of a terri-

TENNIS in Paradise!

JAMAICA, West Indies: Large modern house and guest house for rent by the day! Near Port Maria and thus away from the island's tourist areas!

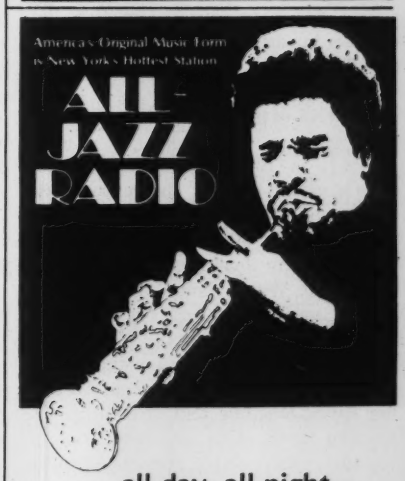
Recently built by millionaire publisher at a cost of $200,000! Fabulous main house with two spacious centrally air-conditioned bedrooms; large study facing the sea; game room with ping pong table; dressing room; 3 bathrooms; modern kitchen; dining room; ballroom-size living room; upstairs patio that allows for nude sunbathing; elegant terrace with breathtaking panoramic view of the sea. Contemporary furniture. Large filtered fresh-water swimming pool. Just completed: A Wimbledon-size clay tennis court!

Guest house has 3 air-conditioned bedrooms; kitchen; dining room; 2 bathrooms; 2 verandas; change room for pool guests; tree shower; etc.

Eleven acres of lovely grounds with mountains in background. Beach privileges. Separate staff quarters. Price includes staff of five with fine cook, and butler. Accommodates 10 adults.

Now renting through Dec. 15th. $140 daily, noon through noon. Dec. 15 thru April 15, $200 daily.

To reserve for a day, a week or a month call Mrs. Livingston at (N.Y.) 212 736-1141 or (N.J.) 201 866-0490. Or write for free color brochure to Rentals. The Stuart Place, 120 Enterprise Avenue, Secaucus, New Jersey 07094.



all day, all night...

WRVR 106.7 STEREO FM

ble back injury, get it?' but that's anything but the truth. The average guy is hip to the fact that he can make bread. He knows . . . I mean, at least all the ones I've seen. Now admittedly a lot of these people were blacks . . . and I don't want you to think I'm a racist or anything . . . but I was dealing more with your nigger than your black, you know what I mean? But, the people I deal with . . .? Anyway, they know. They are as big as cons as anyone else. Most people given the chance to burn the insurance company would do it, I guess. I mean, what the hell? They spend your money on investments. State Farm alone in Baltimore last year had an investment profit of eighty-four million dollars. They're not hurting . . . ."

"Was The Touch your only runner?"

"Oh hell no. I had The Touch, and Terry, and Guy, and Dynomite Louie. You'd have liked him. They had a kind of competition, The Touch and Dynomite Louie. They were always seeing who could bring in the most injuries. Who could get the *best* injuries. You know The Touch would bring in a separated shoulder and get a hundred bucks, and that same night Louie would show up with a cat with two broken legs and a whiplash and, man, they would lay some shit on each other. There was a lot of competition going down. It was exciting and fun, as well as profitable. But in some ways it got too specialized. One night I remember in particular. They got into a big beef."

The Attack of the Glowing Parasites

It is 10:30 at night, and The Touch is out cruising the heart of the Avenue. Friday night, man. That's *the* night. Pay day. All these cats out at the Royal Theatre digging on some old stud like Jackie Wilson doing "Lonely Teardrops," and maybe he's backed up by some balling group like the Marvelettes, and they got the Madera wine and the good Jamaican shit, and they come out of the Royal laughing and screaming, and heading up the Ave., and The Touch is just sitting there on the corner of Lanvale and Pennsylvania with his scanner beeping and listening to the assorted wisecracks of the fuzz, when, wham, that's it. A Code 31 at North and Pennsylvania Ave. Some cat in his big bad Lincoln Continental Mark 3 has smashed into another cat coming up from the Royal, and there are broken arms and broken heads and twisted backs and Christ knows what else, and The Touch is hitting the big black accelerator and tearing up the Ave. He's wailing, got everything but a police siren and the red light. Oh, baby, this is beautiful. Beautiful. Look at those cats, and all those cops. Now, be cool. Be cool. Pull over to the side. Check out the cops. It's Patrolman Kapp. Peter Kapp. He's O.K. He's hip to it. A couple of bucks and he lets The Touch operate. Now the thing The Touch has got to do is to rap to the guy with his head bent round the steering wheel, just as soon as they get it off his neck, and he's got to get the guy right into the hospital, right in, and come up with the multiple injuries. Neck, back, head, funny twinges in the arm, weird sensations on the cornea. Smelling colors and hearing lights . . . got to get right up there . . . and pop it to 'em . . . .The Touch is walking cool, thinking of the rap. These are some downstreet niggers, don't know a whole lot. Maybe use the "Brother we in this together, you want to burn the white man's goddamn insurance company . . . ." Nah, that's out now. . . .Won't even need that riff with these niggers. Just talk nice. Flash the rings. It's going to be all right, easy . . . except . . . Jesus . . . . Look.

The Touch stops in his tracks. Across the street, in front of the boarded-up Arundel ice-cream parlor, is Dynomite Louie. The son of a bitch is pulling to a stop, and moving fast. Man, he's never seen Dynomite move so fast. Man, just a week ago, Dynomite was working the other side, and doing all right. Why the hell couldn't he stay up on Edmondson Avenue with the middle-class niggers where he belongs, that son of a bitch? Better deal with him right away.

"Hey Dynomite, bro. Cool it . . . come here."

Dynomite turns. He's smaller than The Touch, but he moves fast. Rumor has it he used to ice people before he turned professional runner. Got to be cool.

"Yeah, Touch. . . . How you do, bro."

"You know how I do, you muther. I was here first. I got the Code 31. You late, man!"

Dynomite looks around, sees the debris, the crushed-in hoods, the wailing women, the cops and the tow trucks. He's thinking, "Fifty for the guy with no chops and seventy-five for the guy with the severed ear. . . . Muthafucker. . . why was I screwing around? Why wasn't I here earlier?"

"You rap to this cat yet, Touch?"

The Touch nods his head and tightens up his eyebrows until they're one big cornrow.

"Yeah," he says. "Now you best split, Dynomite. . . . You know Jimmy don't want two of us coming in here. It won't look right."

Dynomite is shaking his head and cursing.

"I got here the same time as you. I got here now!"

The Touch lays his hands on Dynomite's shoulder. Dynomite maybe needs the fatherly touch.

"There's plenty for us all . . . .I got the guy committed to the hospital already . . . I got my bonus all set up. We can't be cutting up the brothers' throats, baby."

Dynomite smiles. Using that "brother" shit on him?

"Jive," he says. "Jive, Touch. Step aside, bro!"

Dynomite starts cutting right by The Touch. Cutting right by him, that mutherfucker. This can't go down. You let a man jump your victim once, baby, and that's the ball game. The Touch sticks his cane in between Dynomite's feet, and the man is down. Down on the cement. Downtown muther!

Dynomite reaches into his pocket. He starts to pull out something cold and grey, and The Touch is feeling weird. What hospital they going to take him to, all shot full of holes? No good being a dead runner.

But then Dynomite stops. He gets up, dusts off his threads.

"All right, man. You got here first. We don't want to be hassling with each other. But don't you never trip me again."

The Touch is smiling at Dynomite.

"No, man," he says. "I didn't exactly mean it."

"I know, bro," says Dynomite, glaring right through The Touch. "I know you didn't."

He walks over to his silver El Dorado and starts the engine. The Touch smiles at him, and Dynomite waves goodbye.

"Got a nice haul there, Touch," he says. "But be careful, baby."

The Touch is wondering what the hell that means. Be careful? He thinks of the handle of the gun. Blunt and grey . . . .But better not to think too much, got to get over and rap with the guy with the steering wheel around his head. Just as he starts to get himself together, the motorcycles show up. It's nine dudes on Harley Hogs, every one of them with radios and scanners on the front. The Touch looks at them and shakes his head. "No, no." That's the Bumblebees. Until last week they were just teenage badasses out robbing stores and busting up the Avenue. Now they got in with Billy Bitzler. They work exclusively for him. The first runners on bikes. But they don't do that good. Young generation can't

stand working alone, clown around too much. They ain't going nowhere. They see that The Touch has already made the score and roar off into the night.

The Touch walks over to the car.

A man is lying down, holding his back.

"Awww shit," he says. "Awww shit. . . ."

The Touch tugs at his foot.

"You need some service, son? Some help?"

The man looks up, glances around to make sure the cops aren't too close.

"Come on, baby," he says. "I thought you'd never stop talking to that other dude. I needs me an ambulance. My whole family needs one. We is real hurting folks."

The Touch smiles and begins to call the hospital. In a few moments the siren comes. EMERGENCY. EMERGENCY. WHaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! Mrs. Head Injury gets aboard. Mr. Laceration hobbles inside, helped by two attendants. Mrs. Neck Brace is carried on by stretcher, as is Mr. Smashed Disc. The siren and red light flash off into the night. The Touch is right behind them. At the Emergency Ward he dials Jimmy. The phone rings for a while, six rings, but finally an exhausted drunken voice answers.

"You slow, baby," The Touch says. "I almost had to dial Bernstein."

"Don't dial that son of a bitch. He's the biggest asshole in town. What have you got for me?"

The Touch lets the words roll off his tongue. The X-rays that will be neeeded. The specialists that will be "consulted." The "Heat Treatments" that will be required. The "Mental Anxiety" which will undoubtedly tear the poor patients apart.

"Yeah, yeah," says Jimmy. "But what do you need?"

"One thousand bucks . . . I think for this one. I've done a lot of work tonight. An awful lot."

Jimmy is awake now. The huskiness is vanquished from his throat.

"One thousand bucks. You are out of your mind. You are fucking crazy . . . ."

There is a long silence. The Touch is breathing easily into the phone.

"Guess I'll dial Bernstein."

Jimmy is sitting there. In his pajamas. His kid is starting to cry in the other room. What a way to make a living dealing with these people all night and day. . . and what if the settlement doesn't come easily, and what if The Touch is overstating the injuries . . . no not *what if* he is, but *how much* is he? You got to figure that.

"Seven hundred."

"Eight. Bernstein will go eight . . . ."

"All right . . . all right . . . eight . . . but it better be good, Touch. It better be good."

There is a great laugh from the other end of the receiver.

"I ain't never failed you before, Counselor," he says. "You come on down here . . . and we'll start the ball rolling."

The Touch puts the phone down. He walks back through the Emergency Ward, striding long, floating steps. He's cruising now. . . . The fastest, and the best. And all those lovely smacked up bodies are going to be put together again just fine. Who the hell knows? He might have even saved somebody's life.

"You listen to the police radio. Code 31s. That's your personal injury. And the big baby. Code 32s. The Big D. Death"

"Do you always deal with blacks?"

"Ninety percent."

"Why?"

"They're the only ones who need the money . . . poor folks . . . I mean white people know other ways. Like the way I do it. But essentially it's all the same hustle. There was a case or two of whites getting into it. Hippie types. They got hip to it. One guy named Eddie I met. I told him about it, and he got it around. He didn't become a runner or anything. He just rented a truck with another guy. A Hertz Rent-A-Truck . . . you know? Now when you rent one you can pay a dollar more a day for insurance. So Eddie does that, and then he goes out and finds some garage wall . . . and, meanwhile, he's been smoking all this shit, and taking pills . . . Quaaludes I think it was . . . . Anyway, he's trying to smash the truck right into the wall, but he misses the wall, because he's so loaded, and smash, he sails right through the garage door. Meanwhile, inside there were three guys working on some kind of heist . . . and they thought the heat had come to get them. Man, they are throwing themselves up against cars, spreading their feet . . . and Eddie is just sitting there staring at them, whacked out of his skull . . . ."

He stops and scratches his neck.

"Is that a true story?" I ask.

The counselor smiles.

"Everything except the part about the heist."

Suddenly he looks tired and rubs his eyes.

"I bullshit a lot nowadays," he says. "It's a crummy life actually . . . . But the rest of the story's true. That's how it's done."

"I don't get it. Why was he smashing the truck up?"

"Well, he goes on back down to Hertz . . . and he tells the guy that the damage he sees on the truck was his own fault. He hit a man named Roger Smith at, say, Cold Spring and York Road . . . and Roger has been taken to the hospital . . . or to one of the docs . . . .The rest you can guess for yourself. Hertz is sued by the injured "Roger" (one of Eddie's pals) for, say, three thousand, or whatever we can get. Roger makes out, Eddie, the doc and me. It was a sweet setup until people started getting real greedy. I think, personally, that's when the insurance companies brought in the Feds."

"What happened?"

He shrugs.

"People started feeling invincible. Oh, man, the doctors were even worse than I was. Take, for example, the neck braces. Now what's a neck brace anyway? A little plaster of paris and a piece of wire. You get them in the Emergency Ward of any hospital for two-fifty, three bucks. But the doctors would buy their own factories . . . .Man, they started their own orthopedic companies. So, this one doctor would send everybody there . . . charge them fifty bucks apiece for the 'Special Orthopedic Neck Brace.' What was special about it was that it cost fifty bucks, and fifty bucks times three is worth a hundred and fifty when the insurance companies pay off. So the lawyers didn't kick that much. It was like a bandwagon. I know that's not particularly original, but that's the way it was. You were getting a third. But, of course, the doctors make out best of all. There's one doctor I could mention who made over two hundred thousand a year. I can't say yet, but he might be indicted soon. He'll get off though . . . his father is a bigwig in town. That's what we've got in this country, ya know. Justice for the rich. That's it. I'm a firm believer in that. If I was a nigger I'd be a Black Militant."

He sits in the seat, kind of slumped over. He is still smiling, though the interview has gone on over five hours.

"Three hundred years," he says. "I could get three hundred years. Sixty counts. Maximum of five years a count.

They throw those figures at you to scare you."

"Who talked?" I ask. "Why?"

"I don't know why. Yes, I do. There was one doctor. He's very important in this town. He was taking down maybe two, two-fifty a year. De Muth from the Feds started in on him. Putting the heat on him. I remember the day he called me up. It was the strangest day of my life."

Judgment Day

Jimmy is sitting in his office, with The Touch. They are with a poor black woman, who won't believe the check Jimmy has written her is legitimate.

She is wearing a flower print dress, and she is gesticulating and jumping about.

"This here says twelve hundred dollars . . . .Twelve hundred dollars. Now you tole me I was getting one thousand, two hundred dollars. I wants the right amount."

The Touch is trying to show her that twelve hundred is the same as one thousand, two hundred when the phone rings.

On the other end is Jimmy's friend, Morty Epstein.

"Listen, Jimmy," Morty says. "I want you to come down to my house for a talk. Lunch. Come about twelve. It's serious."

Jimmy hangs up and looks at The Touch.

The Touch has convinced the woman that the check is for the right amount.

Jimmy takes his big blue Pontiac over to northwest Baltimore. He is thinking that this is it. Just like that. Seven years in school, six years in business, and just like that, it's all over. The boat ride is over, crew going down for the third time.

Jimmy sits in Morty's living room. Tasteful furniture. White, French provincial . . . Morty is formal. He offers Jimmy a martini and sits down on the new couch, just across from him.

"Listen, Jimmy," Morty says. "This is it. They've got me . . . nailed me. I've seen a list . . . eighty doctors . . . and seventy lawyers. I don't want to put this to you on a personal basis. Personally, I love you. You know we play golf together. But the deal is, on any list there are two halves. Those who have a chance to cooperate and those who don't. I consider myself . . . and you . . . very lucky, Jimmy. We have a chance to cooperate. I have taken advantage of my chance. I've named names. I've named your name, actually. Don't look at me like that . . . .It's not like in the movies, you know. I'm doing *you* a favor! You can cooperate. You can *talk* to them . . . they're not *bad* people. They just have a job to do."

Jimmy is sitting on the couch, and the odd thing is, he's not really upset. He feels as if it's happening to a character on TV. Two halves of the rat list. Those who rat and those who are treated like rats. He wants to say something. He would like to do something. Tear the little son of a bitch apart. But that's how they got the Watergate guys. The guys Jimmy has come to feel a spiritual kinship with. Fellow Americans. Nailed up. Everybody cheats. Everybody cuts corners. Now the Feds have to save face. They've been mauled so many times by the press, they have to *nail somebody*! Get their reps back. It's like a game really . . . just a game. Different parts of the game fit into different slots. Sometimes you are unlucky enough to be standing in a slot and you don't see the piece moving toward you and you get squished. But don't say anything. The room is bugged. Why am I sweating so fucking much?

"I get a hundred a head," says The Touch. "Bonus of twenty-five if I get 'em in the hospital"

"I don't know what you are talking about, Morty," Jimmy says. "I've done nothing wrong. I'm a straight lawyer . . . I don't have the slightest idea."

They aren't getting him on obstruction. They send you where? Allenwood? Lewisburg? Maybe I'll get in jail with Father Berrigan, or is he out?

Jimmy gets up and floats out of the house. He hasn't stopped floating since that day. A week later he was indicted. Morty? He floated, too. Floated through on the "immunity." He moved to Miami, has a nice family practice and three hundred thousand bucks he grabbed out of the bank. When they need him to squeal on his old golf partners, they fly him up and put him up, with a forty-dollar meal allowance, at the Sheraton Beltway Inn. He "has never had it so nice," he tells Jimmy. "The sun is terrific, the school's beautiful." If Jimmy would cooperate, he could move, too. "A great place to raise a family. A hell of a place for kids."

"Why don't you cooperate?" I say. "Haven't they offered you a deal?"

He is still smiling.

"They've offered to drop fifty-nine of the sixty counts. But they won't guarantee me I won't go to jail. I don't want to spend time in jail. How would that make my kids feel?"

"Lousy," I say. "But listen . . . don't you feel any sense of guilt for what you did? I mean, you've been living on stolen money for years."

"I feel nothing," the counselor says. "Except maybe boredom. I was getting bored with the lawyer game. It was too easy, you know. I mean, I had my laughs, I met some fantastic people. Did I tell you about Smitty? He used to run cabs full of taxi drivers into each other and bring 'em in . . . nine at a time. Too wild. I had to fire him. Next month I get disbarred."

He stops and takes another drink.

"It was like a bandwagon," he says. "That's all I can tell you. You saw all this money coming in. You thought about where you had come from, and you saw your new home, and you rode with it. You don't really have time to feel guilty. You have to work too hard for that. You enjoy the reputation. You know you got to get off, soon. I mean they make these periodic busts. But you know what? It's part of the gamble. Right now, while twenty of us are being indicted, and incriminating one another, there are fifty lawyers and fifty doctors a month taking our place. They know the risks. But you figure you get in your five or six years and you get out. If you make it, you're set. If not . . . well, I guess it still won't be bad. I'm a white-collar criminal, you know. They put a letter A before a white-collar criminal's name these days. There are so many of us that it's almost not even like a crime anymore. I been indicted for sixty counts, right? They'll drop fifty-nine if I name a few friends, which I will do. I'll have to in the end. They'll give me a three-year sentence, and they'll send me to Allenwood. Maybe I'll stay there seven months. Like the Watergate guys . . . .It's exactly the same situation. We're in it together."

He sits and smiles at me.

"But I'm fighting it anyway. I don't want to go to jail at all. That's the truth. I don't feel guilty. No matter what you feel about 'honesty' and all that . . . you know that the turth of the matter is that it's better to be a crook on the bandwagon than it is to be straight on the outside. Nobody respects a loser in America. That's the truth. Isn't it? Nobody is out there looking for an honest man. Or if they are it's merely to hustle him. It's a goddamn hard world, and you do whatever you got to do. I mean, after all, don't you?" ●

Movies

My God, what a brute

By Nik Cohn

I went to see *Hard Times*, the new Charles Bronson movie, at a public preview on Times Square. At a rough guess, 80 percent of the audience were consumers, fans off the street, while the remnants were critics, publicists, assorted slaves of the media. Two alien worlds, flung together at random. And, judging by their responses, they saw two different films.

The fans had come to see Bronson, pure and simple. Never mind about the script, direction, supporting cast or even the basic plot. What mattered here was stardom, the chance to worship. To watch their hero suffer, endure, take vengeance. Most of all, to see him make people bleed.

They got what they came for, in spades. Almost before the lights had gone down, Bronson was already stripped to the waist, fists at the ready, and he stayed that way for most of the rest of the evening, doling out punishment impartially, to whoever might cross his path.

As it happened, this endless succession of fight scenes was laughably botched, both in choreography and on the soundtrack. Just as in the worst of TV westerns, each punch on the jaw made a noise like a cracked whip and sent its victim hurtling into space, so far and so fast that he might have been shot from a cannon. Ridiculous. But the audience seemed not to notice. At every blow, they let out a roar, like a blood-drunk crowd at a bullfight. "Kill! Kill! Kill!" the worshipers kept screaming.

Surrounded by such barbarities, the mediamen sunk low in their seats and cowered. "Who were these people? Animals?" one publicist asked me, the following morning, and true enough, it was not an inspiring vision. Each time that Bronson drew fresh blood, the hysteria increased. Women screamed, bit on their hands, like groupies in rock-star rut. Two young black boys behind me kept up a nonstop howl of obscenities. There was a minor brawl in the men's room and gradually the air grew thick with a sour, soupy fug of sweat, and cruelty, and dry-hump destruction.

When the orgy ended, and I was shuffling out, I passed a lady of perhaps 50, plump, bespectacled, wearing too much makeup. Still slumped in her seat, legs spread, she had flecks of spittle in the corners of her mouth and her eyes were dimmed, in something like post-orgasmic glaze. "What a monster. My God, what a brute," she said, to no one in particular.

I paused and looked down at her; she did not see me. "Savage," she said, and her flesh seemed to sag, flaccid, damp, like pastry gone wrong.

Outside, the official verdict was a deal less ecstatic. Tightening ranks in adversity, critics formed gaggles on the sidewalk, shaking their heads, clucking like hens. What a travesty, they said. What a hopeless, hideous mess. An insult to the intelligence. And as for Bronson himself, he was an obscenity. Talentless, mindless, psychotic. A muscle-bound lunk, fit only for degenerates.

It was not easy to argue. By any objective standards, yes, *Hard Times* was pap, and incompetent pap to boot. Just the same, it had a certain force, a crude shapeless power. And the same went for Bronson, only much more so. He followed none of the norms of film acting, made no real effort to create a role. Even so, his presence was enormous. That perfect whip-strong body. Absolute balance and grace. The face of some Mongolian warrior-priest, inscrutable papier-mâché mask, beyond age or change or passion. Agreed, this was not the stuff that wins Oscars. But the pure gut impact was overwhelming. When Bronson looked down from his screen, frozen in close-up, his eyes cut through like lasers, or human lie detectors. Beneath the weight of that gaze, I felt like a guilty child, caught by God with my fingers in the jam pot, So maybe it was true, he could not exactly act. But somehow, it did not seem important. If he couldn't perform, he could sure as hell project. He made me sweat cold. What more did he need?

Charles Bronson in *Hard Times*: overwhelming pure gut impact.

Extraordinary, this total split between critics and the audience at large.

It's almost as if American film is split by a chasm, with professional opinion on one side, the massed public on the other and no conceivable way that the gulf can ever be spanned.

Over the last few months, Tom Laughlin, who was responsible for *Billy Jack*, has been having a prolonged bash at the same dilemma. In a series of giant newspaper ads around the country, he has listed the biggest box-office triumphs of the recent past, things like *Mandingo, Towering Inferno* and, of course, *Billy Jack*, most of which, as he rightly points out, were panned by the press. Therefore, Laughlin argues, the critics are buffoons. What else could they be, when they call a film garbage yet its profits run into tens of millions?

The argument is ancient. Ever since entertainments began, shysters have been peddling the same notion, that a product must necessarily be good because it sells, that the only real criterion of quality is profit. Most is best; the multitudes can't be wrong. Accordingly, the true duty of the critic is not to pass his own judgment but, essentially, to act as a reflector, a mouthpiece for the majority.

This is piffle, of course. Just like any other mob, most of the movie-going public, most of the time, live one step away from imbecility, ready to be gulled by the first piece of plausible trash that's thrown at them. And the only possible use of the critic is to make some stand against that tide. To preserve the individual voice, some semblance of intelligence. For, without them, pulp takes over completely. Swamped by industrial greed, craftsmanship, imagination, the personal vision loses all meaning. The lowest common denominator rules unopposed, and we are doomed forever to a world of *Mandingo, Funny Lady* and, God help us, *Billy Jack*.

Just the same, for all his canting, Laughlin hits on one fair point. Though he is utterly wrong about the critics' function, he is only too right, in many cases, about their quality. By and large, as he says, we are a hidebound breed, awash in snobbism and pomp. Like any other body of enshrined experts, we live off preconceptions.

For the most part, the stance serves us well. The vast majority of movies fall into easy patterns and the pundits can cruise through them in neutral, judging without strain. We use one tone for Art, another for Hollywood commerce, and, between the two, almost everything that we see falls neatly into place, prepackaged and ready for filing.

Every now and then, however, an exception comes along. Some film or figure that doesn't quite fit. Then the rules no longer apply, there is no stock format for response.

Charles Bronson is a classic case. Over the last few years, I can think of no star who has suffered more abuse, more hysterical denunciation. If we are to believe his reviews, he is a subhuman sadist, a very monster of degeneracy.

How come? His films, though undoubtedly violent, have been less bloody than many others, many of them highly acclaimed; and his screen persona—laconic, monosyllabic—belongs to a classic tradition, embracing such as Gary Cooper, John Wayne, Alan Ladd and, more recently, Clint Eastwood. No, the problem lies not in his movies or in his specific roles but in himself, his own root being. For he doesn't belong, he is not chic, he does not play the game. He stands outside, quite apart from the contemporary mainstream, and what is worse, he doesn't seem to want in. To his judges, that indifference is a threat, a tacit insult, which must be punished. So the diatribes pour in about his head, he is labeled a moron.

Even then, he is unmoved, cannot be bothered to seduce. Compared to the loved ones, to the collegiate charm of a Robert Redford, say, or the blue-eyed rakishness of Paul Newman, his image is remote, unreachable. Worlds away from fashion, his two great qualities are silence and strength. There is about him, even in the midst of the most frenzied action, a sense of absolute inner stillness, total self-containment. He feeds upon himself. All outsiders are irrelevant, intruders.

Such certainty can be frightening. It cannot be analyzed or classified; it can only be felt emotionally. And emotion, true reaction, is not tidy. Much easier, if you are an arbiter, to write him off with a snigger, dismiss the stillness as catatonia, the strength as zombie brutishness.

After all that, it is painful to confess that, even for a hard-core Bronson addict, *Hard Times* is not remotely his best movie. Which is somewhat surprising because, on paper, its formula looks foolproof. Take Bronson and place him in the Depression, cast him as a bare-knuckle streetfighter, give him a cap and heavy boots, then take him to New Orleans, throw in a blonde, spice with sundry villainies and simply leave until cooked. Can't fail, one would think. But somehow or other, it does.

The problem is sloppiness, nothing more fancy than that. Being basically star vehicles, Bronson movies require no wild pyrotechnics from the creators, no trapeze tricks of invention and revelation. But they do need a certain competence. Professionalism, timing, a modicum of care—that's all it takes. In *Hard Times*, none is forthcoming.

Odd. In the rare scenes that hold together, one can see all kinds of good intentions. More than in most of his earlier films, there seems to be a real understanding of Bronson's strengths, his basic nature, and an attempt to refine it, present it in its purest, most classical form. Thus, from first shot to last, he always stands entirely alone. He comes out of nowhere, disappears into nothing. He has no possessions, no ties of any kind. Even with his girlfriend or the manager who arranges his fights, he behaves at all times like a stranger. "You ought to say something," the manager says. But he never does. Instead, he sleeps alone in a skid-row bedroom and buys milk for a stray cat. "How do you make money?" he is asked. "I knock people down," he replies. And so he does, repeatedly, but always without passion. Impartial, indifferent, he merely does his job. Sometimes he smiles to himself, absentmindedly. More often, he looks bored, a trifle weary. When he is cheated, he walks away without comment. When he is loved, he does exactly the same. He fights. He wins. He turns aside. When his business is completed, he moves on.

This is all fine mythic stuff, and Bronson gives it the works. At every turn, however, intention is betrayed by execution. It's almost as if a master chef had dreamed up the perfect recipe, then gone upstairs for a snooze and left it in the hands of the kitchen boys, who promptly turn it back into chow-mush stew. As a result, there is no zest, no real flavor.

The sense of pace is nonexistent; everything plods. The fight scenes, as I said earlier, drag on interminably and start out as absurd, end up as tedious beyond words, while the minor characters are mere identikits, the plotting pure kindergarten, the direction so amateurish as to be almost nonexistent. New Orleans is wasted. James Coburn and Strother Martin, both of whom I dearly love, are wasted, and so is Jill Ireland, whom I do not love at all. The few decent lines are wasted, and the

Somewhere along the way . . .

you learned to spot a good deal when you saw it! The prices listed here for these 6 magazines are the

LOWEST PRICES OFFERED ANYWHERE

☐ Psychology Today
12 issues for only $6.00

☐ Atlantic
8 issues for only $3.84

☐ Popular Photography
12 issues for only $3.99

☐ Harpers
8 issues for only $2.99

☐ Stereo Review
12 issues for only $3.99

☐ Saturday Review
13 issues for only $7.00

YES! Please enter my subscription for the magazine(s) checked above

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me 8E11

Name _____

Address _____

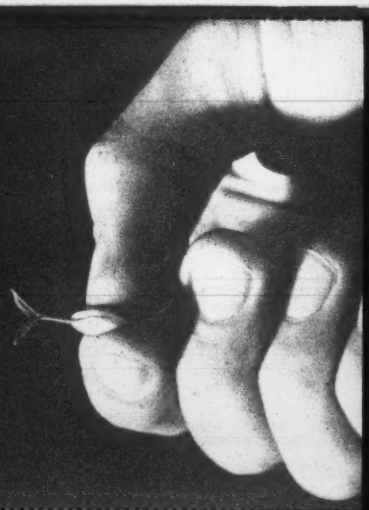
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NEW TIMES

Somewhere along the way . . .

you learned to spot a good deal when you saw it. Where prices fluctuated from store to store & competitors were the norm for those who knew how to shop.

LOWEST PRICES OFFERED ANYWHERE



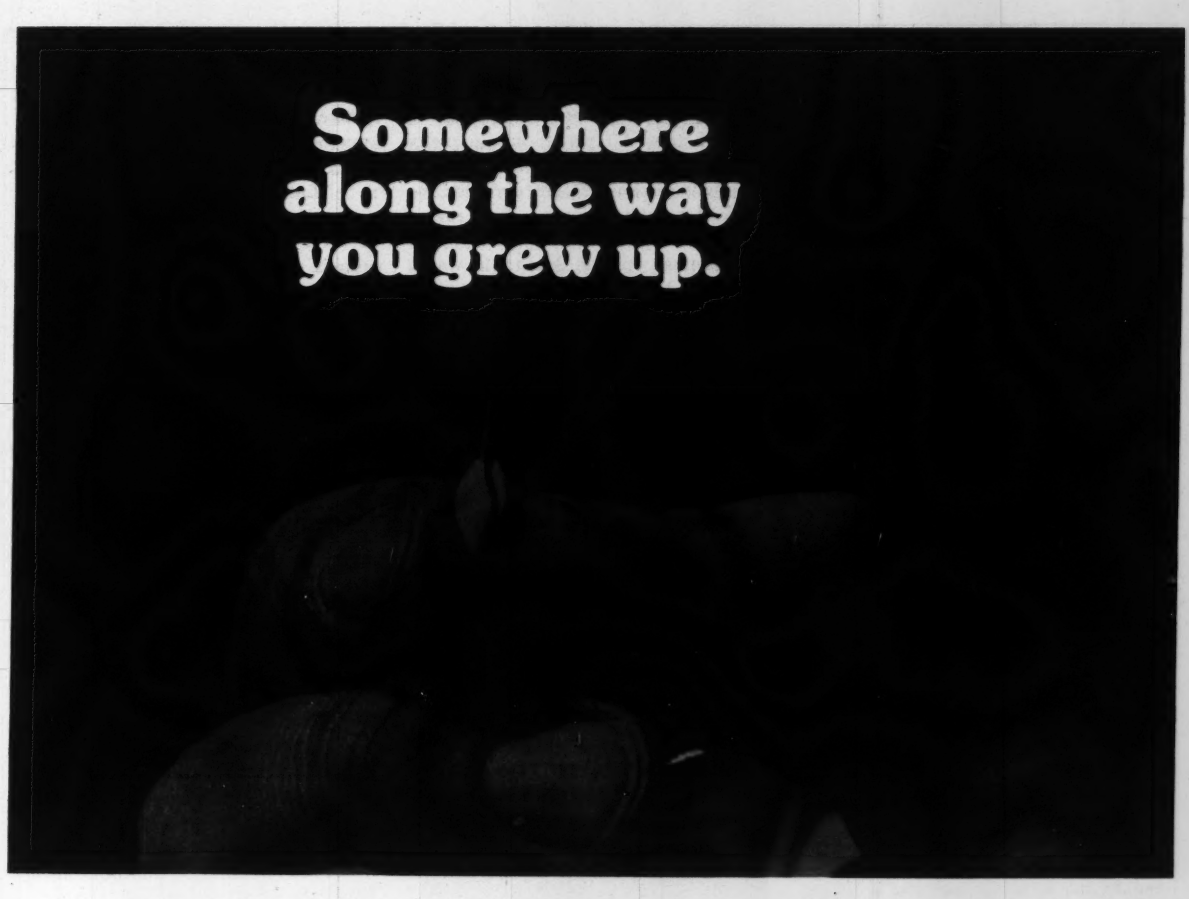
FIRST CLASS
Permit No. 37710
New York, N.Y.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No Postage Necessary if Mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by:

Mardel Advertising
One Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016
10th Fl. - Room 11

Somewhere along the way you grew up.



And somehow you've landed in a new world . . . one where Ali reigns and presidents resign, where the CIA runs for cover and homosexuality walks away from the closet.

It's a place built on the realities of mass media and political assassination, ecology and music, oil shortages and shuttle diplomacy.

And yet, through it all, you and your generation have explored every complexity of life with unsurpassed exuberance and street-wise cynicism.

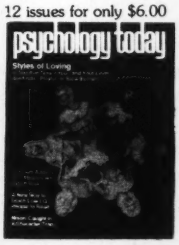
That's what the six magazines below are all about. They're part of a national and personal growth process. They represent critical journalistic commentary on every aspect of our lives . . . from guerilla warfare to Bolshoi Ballet . . . from corruption in Washington to Elton John in the Hollywood Bowl. They're tools for men and women growing mentally and physically in a rough and beautiful age.

Right now, you can order one or more of these outstanding publications *at the lowest rates offered anywhere*. It's a sure, money-saving opportunity to keep on growing—in a world that won't stop changing for you . . . or anyone else.

Guaranteed Lowest Prices Offered Anywhere

(If you can find a lower price on any one of these six publications, we'll send you a year of that magazine—free!)

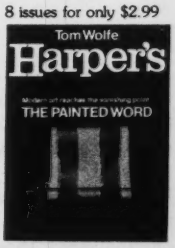
12 issues for only $6.00



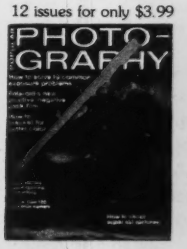
8 issues for only $3.84

12 issues for only $3.99

8 issues for only $2.99



12 issues for only $3.99



13 issues for only $7.00

If card is missing, write to: Mardel Advertising - Rm. 1011, One Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

pints of blood-flavored catsup. But enough. In *Hard Times*, waste is everywhere.

Except for Bronson himself. No doubt, if he could have been thrown away, he would have been. But he can't. At this stage, his stature is such that he only has to show his face, unveil that basilisk stare, and all handicaps are crushed. Forget the context, the abysmal mess that surrounds him—if he was stuck in *National Mulch*, he would still fill the screen like a monolith, an immovable rock made flesh.

One moment, above all others, remains with me. Halfway through his final fight, en route to inevitable triumph, Bronson is suddenly knocked off his feet, sent sprawling across a flight of steps. After a second, he picks himself up and starts back toward his opponent, circling left. Just for once, instead of bumbling inward, the camera keeps its distance so that each movement is clear, precise. Bare to the waist, fists held high, Bronson pauses, then springs forward and restarts the fight. Just before the first blow, however, there comes a split-instant when he seems to freeze, suspended in mid-motion. It is an illusion, I'm sure; a fluke of my own vision. But in that flash, as I saw it, he touched perfection. A form so symmetrical, so finely balanced, both in impetus and tension, that I instinctively turned my head, ashamed.

Later, hoping to discourage me, one of the critics told me that, in reality, Bronson is 53 years old, does not possess all his own teeth and is even more short-sighted than I am. All of which merely goes to confirm what I have always known, that when they are on screen, there are certain performers who do not remain quite human.

Books

Reflections from a toilet bowl

By Geoffrey Wolff

Hope and Fear in Washington (The Early Seventies): The Story of the Washington Press Corps *by Barney Collier, with photographs by Maggi Castelloe.* The Dial Press (254 pp., $8.95).

There are books, and this is one, so odious that they command attention. The problem is, attention is precisely what this sorry writer wants: He'll do anything to have it, suck up, club down, betray confidences, hold himself up for contempt and ridicule, hold up his father for contempt and ridicule, rip off the dead and dying, stick out his tongue and make fart noises with his lips, confess to the cheapjack crimes he has committed, commit a few more crimes before your eyes, knock his first wife and one of his kids. Depending on where he senses attention to have gathered, he's at his subjects' feet or at their throats. Like them, he doesn't seem to care what's written about him as long as *something* is written about him.

The ungainly title promises that this is "the story of the Washington press corps." It isn't even *a* story of the Washington press corps. It is instead a compost-heap of gossip, scandal, rumor, flash impressions, guttersnipe psychoanalysis, partial quotation and envy. Above all things envy. Barney Collier's subjects are Ben Bradlee, Scotty Reston, Stewart Alsop, Sally Quinn, Dan Rather, Jack Anderson, Art Buchwald, Helen Thomas, Sander Vanocur, Roland (sic) Evans, Clark Molenhoff, the Kalb brothers, Carl Rowan, some others. Barney Collier is, by his own account, a man who cheats at cards, pays gambling debts with bad checks, tried mightily to seduce his friend's wife and was so "crooked" with his expense account that the *New York Times* fired him as their bureau chief in Buenos Aires. Which caused Barnard Law Collier to weep. His father, a Detroit lawyer, was indicted for embezzlement

Barney Collier (right front) playing cards with author James Jones and friends, in Paris.

of funds from a housing project, and acquitted. His wife, speaking of their son, said, "The apple never falls far from the tree." Barney Collier confesses that "I never hesitated to write down a fictional man's name for a $12.50 lunch, and I had lunch with fictional men at least three days a week, and if I were working on a story I thought was important enough to make the front page, I took fictional men and a few fictional women out to extravagant fictional dinners, and my fictions were all big drinkers." But, never mind, he "never dickered for more salary at either the *Trib* or the *Times*," so the punk got only 22 grand, "and all I could steal."

You see, Collier had to confess to these lesser crimes to get his license to commit graver ones. For one thing, many, many people know the story of his weasel-work. For another, having blown the whistle on himself, he takes it upon himself to blow it on everyone else. Like Norman Podhoretz in *Making It*, Collier is under the delusion that everyone smells as cheesy as Collier. He's wrong, and how he labors to punish his betters in his misbegotten effort to prove himself right!

It isn't as though he beats them up for being inept journalists, or partial, or lazy, or star-struck, or self-important. He sneaks in their back doors to do them dirt at home, with hardly a glance at their work. "Toilet-bowl journalism" was Theodore H. White's description of Collier's work, contrasting it to "peephole" journalism, a more honorable exercise of curiosity and malice. The occasion for White's judgment was Collier's repugnant piece in the February issue of [*MORE*]—a journalism review—telling about Sander Vanocur's fall from grace at NBC; or, rather, speculating on the effect of that fall on Vanocur. Collier imposed upon Vanocur to take him to lunch in Washington, and snickered at his subject's choice of food and at his subject's generous insistence that he pay for Collier's lunch. There are many, many hard things to be written about Vanocur as a television jour-

nalist, and about his coziness with the Kennedys. Collier managed to miss all the important things, and even to sneer at Vanocur's wife, then dying of cancer. The piece stunk so high that it brought letters from White, and David Halberstam, and Larry Stern, who called it "cruel, stupid, unjust . . . chapter-a-lunch cheapshot Winchellisms."

Halberstam is quoted on a publicity handout sent with this book: "disquieting . . . unsettling." What he in fact wrote to the editor of [*More*] was: ". . . There has to be some balance between gossip and substance, between the sweet fluff of rumors and the hard scratching of legwork. That is why the Collier piece on Vanocur is so *disquieting* in itself, and even more *unsettling* because it appears in [*More*], which is dedicated to raising the standards of the profession." (Emphasis added.) The editor of [*MORE*], Richard Pollak, conceded in an extraordinary reply to the hundreds of complaints about the piece that it was "unnecessarily bitchy" and must be judged "a failure" because it needed his support to explain its point and purpose.

The Vanocur atrocity is part of this book, and by no means the most loathsome part. What is? Collier's description of Dan Rather's nose hairs, or of Rather eating "chewed cabbage," which is, I guess, Collier's conceit for the act of telling a lie? My own choice is Collier's treatment of Meg Greenfield, an editorial writer for the *Washington Post* and a columnist for *Newsweek*. Collier begged her to come to lunch with him and talk about her work, and then asked her to pay the check, to prove herself liberated. He shows no interest in her work, but demands to know "what do you make?" She won't tell him, and won't pay his half of the lunch bill either, so he punishes her for her good sense by calling her a " 'girl' because it is truer, I think, than spinster. " He doesn't know her, not at all, but he concludes that she's never had a "true lover."

Hip shots to the back are his specialty. He managed to get himself invited to Rowland Evans' house, where he saw Mrs. Evans: "Her eyes, the single time I ever saw them . . . were now lost and resigned." He finds it important to mention that Joseph Alsop is separated from his wife, but not important to get her name right: Susan Mary, not "Mary Catherine." He writes of Johnny Apple that he "would turn into 290 pounds of lard if ever he let himself go; but his position with the *Times* holds him back." He doesn't describe that position, or how well or ill Apple fills it. How could he? He admits that he doesn't bother to read the *Times*.

He manages to smuggle in the intelligence that Katharine Graham's husband, whom he calls "Phil," shot himself, information which he makes no use of, like this: "Soma marched right in, with a young man photographer who taught photography as therapy in a private sanitorium where, at one time, Mrs. Graham's husband, Phil, was kept from hurting himself before he ended his life." The photographer, his business done, now leaves the stage.

He pestered Stewart Alsop for interviews shortly before Alsop's death. He doesn't attack Alsop. Quite the contrary: He stands in awe of him for Alsop's physical courage. Here's how he shows awe: "Stew, it's very difficult now to reach you through the veil of death." (Alsop was at that moment alive.) It's difficult to decide which Collier voice better brings up the puke: the insinuating, envious, malice-ridden voice or the fawning, soap-operatic falsetto. Collier is a man who has named his cat Kiss-Kiss; sometimes he calls it Fearless Kiss-Kiss. Collier writes a great deal about his animals and how much he loves them, proving how good a man he is, how firm in his values. If he put his kids up for adoption after his divorce from his first wife—who, as he writes, provided him with "reluctant services"—he does carry on about his second, about her "natural beauty," to which "he was drawn as nothing else had ever drawn him to the unfathomed blue oceans of her wide-set eyes and pleased beyond description by the rest." She is also his photographer. Her pictures open no windows on his subjects, but neither do they do injury.

Collier butchers language as he butchers people. He sees "an old piano that implied music." Johnny Apple's corkscrew "lay tensely" beside the wine. He compiles a mess of jerkwater headnotes, meant to illuminate or entertain, attributed to fictional personages. Here's one, at random: "You cannot be any better than your breath," attributed to *P. Sodent, L. Avoris, S. Cope and H. Kerchief*. To illustrate his lively interest in diction, he writes that "if you see words as I do, the pictures of them that you get in your head become very vivid. Take *c-o-c-k-s-u-c-k-e-r*, for example. I see a man who looks like Bill Small, with the head of a rooster in his mouth." Bill Small is a television executive who stood up Collier for a lunch date.

Why didn't everyone stand him up? For the same reason that Gay Talese permitted Aaron Latham to chop at his back in *New York* two summers back. For the reason Collier attributes to Sally Quinn: "Because I don't refuse interviews to other newspaper people, since I ask for them myself." A foolish policy, like picking up a hitchhiker cleaning his nails with a switchblade knife because once you hitchhiked, or permitting yourself to be eaten by a bear because once you ate bear meat. Why did Collier write it? Who knows. He's a creep, that much is clear from his book. And he wants to punish people who have succeeded in the profession in which he failed. That much is also clear. And he's socially envious. And probably The Dial Press paid him something for this nothing. And because he thinks he's opened a few bathroom doors on people and caught them at something or other. Poor turkey, he's only caught himself. But why did The Dial Press print this piece of shit? That I would like to know.

Music

Rock around the tube

By Janet Maslin

We know by now that Derek, Eric, Les, Woody and Alan aren't going to be the next John, Paul, George and Ringo after all, despite the push they were given by the producers of ABC-TV's *Saturday Night Live*. The Bay City Rollers were seen on the first three airings of this latest and most brazen variety show, and were permitted to perform bits of their first would-be American hit, "Saturday Night," a total of four times. Their first appearance was transmitted via satellite from London. Their second appearance was from the show's base, The Ed Sullivan Theatre in New York, and was introduced by a bagpipe contingent. Twenty-

five lucky teens, winners of various contests held by Arista records, were scattered strategically through the theater audience, which was otherwise rather middle-aged and understandably impervious to the band's charms. And as for the Rollers themselves, they arrived gift-wrapped in a giant plaid box and performed on a moving stage that belched forth billows of smoke.

If you can count yourself among the very few of us (Stateside, anyway) who have thus far had occasion to listen to the Rollers' flimsy debut album, the one with all the clashing tartans on the cover, you may be wondering why ABC was willing to clamber out on so precarious a limb. But from the network's point of view, the decision to invest this much energy in an unknown act makes sense. The odds are not entirely against the Rollers: They do have a sizable

Howard Cosell: the new Ed Sullivan?

following in the British Isles, though it consists of girls so young and fickle that they may not be the most reliable of international tastemakers. And if they are a hit in this country, they can become identified with the show's host, Howard Cosell, as the Beatles were identified with Ed Sullivan.

Thus far, all the Cosell show has shown itself to be is exactly what most rock musicians, if their presence on shows such as *In Concert, The Midnight Special, Soundstage* and *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert* has been any indication, are trying to get away from—the chance to sing only one hit and appear on the same bill with Charo, Jim Nabors and a bunch of tigers leaping through flaming hoops to the tune of "Love Story." And yet the deal is so irresistible (a bigger audience than any of the rock shows and a $200,000 weekly talent budget while the rock shows pay scale) that the initial music business consensus seems to be that no rock act agent in his right mind

Scotland's Bay City Rollers: gift-wrapped in a giant plaid box.

will be turning down *Saturday Night Live.*

"With all due respect," says Don Kirshner about the Eagles' recent three-minute Cosell show appearance (in which Alex Karras masqueraded as a band member, wearing a fright wig and playfully pulverizing his guitar), "I think they got more credentials for beating out the Rolling Stones to win Best Group on my Rock Awards Show than from anything else they did on television." Kirshner, whose syndicated *Rock Concert* (he also helped found ABC's now-defunct *In Concert*) offers the artist a 20 to 30 minute spot plus a self-proclaimed "good attitude" on the part of the producer, politely takes a "*he's* competing with *me*" stance when it comes to Cosell, and says he isn't worried. For one thing, he is still high off the success of his Awards Show this summer, which "got a 38 share in the ratings, beat out everybody and proved there's a place for rock on prime time." And he doesn't believe most acts risk overexposure through too many television appearances: "There are two trains of thought on that, and one of them is that if they just did Cosell the week before I have them, that makes them even heavier." So Barry Manilow will turn up on at least the Cosell, Kirshner and *Soundstage* shows this season, and each of them still seems to think that booking him was quite the coup.

Produced in Chicago by the PBS, *Soundstage* offers the artist a whole hour in a relatively intimate studio setting as opposed to the boogeying hippies on Kirshner's show and *Midnight Special* and the planted celebrities that come to *Saturday Night Live. Soundstage* tries, even with glossy acts such as Manilow's, to keep its format varied (the Manilow segment includes some impromptu tape of a rehearsal, which was shot without warning and captures the singer in a more relaxed mood than usual). And more imaginative artists can have a heyday: Martin Mull's hour features him ordering a pizza in the middle of a number ("nothin' on it—my favorite") and interviewing himself on a talk show, and it even pauses for a couple of very unusual commercials presumably of Mull's own devising. (One of them features an animated "little troll from your cereal bowl," pushing a "wheat-flavored" delicacy in the shape of tiny hot dogs and hamburgers, and is so authentic looking it sent one PBS lady scurrying back to her office to find out what an ad was doing on the show.) *Soundstage*'s most stellar booking of its second season is that of Bob Dylan, who appears (along with Benny Goodman and many others) on a two-part special tribute to John

Don Kirshner isn't scared of Cosell.

Hammond in December. On the other hand, Kirshner's hottest act of the season is Black Sabbath. *Saturday Night Live* doesn't have its full schedule yet—in the interests of topicality, ABC plans to keep booking it on relatively short notice—but it has already featured John Denver dedicating a song to Jacques Cousteau, and there is a soupçon of Alice Cooper in the show's future. And as for *The Midnight Special*, that program has made a semi-permanent hostess out of Helen Reddy.

Saturday Night Live is similar to Top-40 AM radio in that it so thoroughly cheapens the music it presents that one can only marvel at its crassness, even admire its nerve. The late-night shows and *Soundstage* face problems more like those of FM radio, running the risks of monotony and excessive seriousness. But at least the concert shows seem to genuinely respect and appreciate the music they offer, and they remain busy trying to revise and improve upon their own methods. The one thing their producers agree on is that none of them feels competitive with, or even particularly interested in, Howard Cosell and his stylistic blast from the past. Let's hope it stays that way.

*****½* Prisoner In Disguise,** *Linda Ronstadt* (Asylum). The musicians, the production and most of the songwriters recall her *Heart Like A Wheel* triumph, which this new effort does not equal; its material isn't quite as inspired. But the same mood prevails and it's a strong one, strong enough to carry the album and further crystallize the persona for which Ronstadt has so long been groping. The title cut is gorgeous, and her country-Motown hybrid ("Tracks of My Tears") is intriguing.

****½* The Hungry Years,** *Neil Sedaka* (Rocket). Very uneven; when Sedaka writes ballads, he writes mush ("Solitaire" being one shining exception). But he can be as slick and zingy a pop composer as Elton John, under whose influence he has lately fallen, with such sterling results as "Bad Blood" and "Angel Face."

*****Al Green Is Love,** *Al Green* (Hi). Purists and Al Green buffs tell me this is tired and derivative, and I tell them "L-O-V-E (Love)" is a great single. They scoff and start reeling off Al Green's Greatest Hits, all of which it resembles. They're probably right, but Green has his strong points even when in the doldrums.

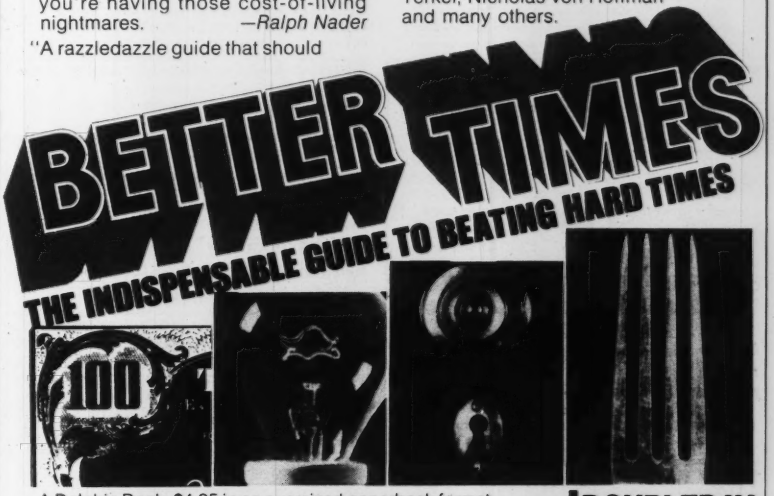
"Find a place for this book in your budget!" says Bess Myerson.

"Indispensable and easy to read," she continues; "a practical collection of tips to beat the consumer squeeze in this time when the squeeze is harder than ever."

"The book you dream about when you're having those cost-of-living nightmares. —*Ralph Nader*

"A razzledazzle guide that should help ease the pain of trimming the fat out of anybody's budget." —*Publishers Weekly*

With hundreds of photos, charts, graphs, how-to drawings; with contributions by Russell Baker, Studs Terkel, Nicholas von Hoffman and many others.



A Dolphin Book, $4.95 in an oversized paperback format, at all booksellers.

DOUBLEDAY

Vox Populi - Your own WVOX
WESTCHESTER

Some suburban stations still try to imitate the formats of those big New York stations.

But the word is getting around about Vox Populi.

And thousands of your neighbors have discovered Westchester's own locally-owned and locally-operated community radio station in recent years. Thus, we now find WVOX accused of being perhaps the outstanding local, suburban station in America.

The revised edition of BROADCAST MANAGEMENT, the classic book on the radio industry says, "WVOX has, in fact, become the national prototype of the suburban station that succeeds by integrating with local 'gut' issues."

And the Times, the Business Journal, Broadcasting, Variety, and the Gallagher Report have suggested that WVOX "started the whole idea of INVOLVED local radio . . . and still does it better than anybody else."

It's nice to be a local station with a national reputation. But we think the praise of the mighty counts for little if the people we serve don't share that regard.

And the latest intelligence tells us that WVOX **continues** to grow and develop – reaching a wide range of listeners and generating positive and progressive influence in Westchester – and beyond.

We now beam our broadcasts to thousands of people – in many fine cities and towns and villages. But we're very proud to be **your** station.

VOX POPULI. OUR THEME. OUR CREDO. OUR NAME.

Your own WVOX. Westchester's famous truly **local** station.

1460 AM - 93.5 FM.

New Times Classified

NEW TIMES Classified is a service published in every issue of NEW TIMES. Rates are $1 per word with a 10 word minimum; 90¢ per word for 6 or more insertions; 80¢ per word for over 12 insertions. Box numbers and phone numbers count as 2 words; abbreviations and zip codes count as one word. Area codes must accompany phone numbers. Money order or check must accompany copy and be received prior to closing date (25 days before issue date). Make all checks payable to New Times Communications Corporation. Send to NEW TIMES MAGAZINE, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

Art

MASKED MAN POSTERS . . . are IN! From "Howl!" to "Jaws" to "Someday, I'm Going To Pay Them All Back," our outcast photographers have created the most unique and wild posters you can buy (we guarantee it!). This is high quality stuff, crafted with imagination, humor, and more than a little intelligence. For FREE catalog, write: Rubbersoul Press, Box 111-N1, East Orange, N.J. 07019.

CIBACHROME, custom prints from color slides. 8×10-$5 11×14-$10 16×20-$20 Exact reproduction of original or money back. Check or all BankAmericard data with signature to REPRODUCTIVE PROCESS, Box 6167, Kansas City, MO 64110.

Business Opportunities

MONEY TO LOAN: Business/Personal. $2,000 to $10,000,000. Carroll (212) 675-0218.

SILK SCREEN Your Promotional Logo On Tee Shirts—Short Runs—Fast Service—Low Prices (201) 384-4470 (212) 685-6290

NEW! ROLLING PAPER VENDING MACHINES. Fantastic profit. Tettitories available. Details free. CONCEPT 2001 Box 106 Lawrence, N.Y. 11559

TAKE CATALOG ORDERS. We drop ship 1001 best-selling specialty products. Lowest below-wholesale prices. Immediate delivery. Spectacular home business opportunity. FREE BOOK. SMC, 6061 De Soto Ave. Dept. 166-34D, Woodland Hills, CA 91365.

AUTO SALES SLUMP: Now there is good money to be made in auto detailing. Complete manual explains: organizations, soliciting, operating: billing on an initial investment of less than $25.00. Send only $3.95 to Darrell Booth, Rt. 1 Box 59A, Alvord, TX 76225.

Employment Opportunities

CALIFORNIA JOBS . . . Statewide openings now . . . forms . . . How to find them . . .Send $4.00 . . . Fauchier, Box 623-G (or H), Paso Robles, California 93446.

MIDWEST FARM JOBS. Complete forms, informational folder and list of permanent jobs currently available. $3.00 OUTSIDE, Box 1346, Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406.

OVERSEAS JOBS—NOW HIRING, 103 countries, All occupations, High Pay, Free transportation, Tax Benefits. Latest Computerized reports—$2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-NT, Los Angeles, California 90009.

MEN! WOMEN! JOBS ON SHIPS. American, Foreign. Worldwide travel. Guide $3.00. Seafax, Dept. X-7, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

OIL FIELD LABORERS NEEDED. Earn and Learn cable tool drilling, rotary drilling, derrickman, toolie. Earnings unlimited. Real contracts, area's workers needed, oil employers. Send $5.00 to Geologist, Box 196B R Ellsworth, Michigan 49729. Not an employment agency.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANTS YOU!!! 50,000 jobs! Paid transportation! Latest information and forms. $1.00. AUSTCO—Box 3623-NT, Long Beach, California 90803.

Education/Instruction

TYPING COURSE FOR NON-TYPISTS, 20 hours. Details, ZOOMWRITE, 934 Dodge-NT, Evanston, IL 60202.

PARAPSYCHOLOGY. Complete Study Course, Certificate. Free Information. American Parapsychological Research Foundation, Box 5395-UU, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413.

Ph.D.'s, MASTER'S, BACHELOR'S—official nonresident College Degrees easily acquired through mailorder Universities. Revealing Directory—$2. Counseling Connection, 5495 Claremont, #BNT, Oakland, CA 94618.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES BY MAIL! Bachelors, Masters, Ph.D.s . . . Free revealing details. Counseling, Box 1162-TN17, Tustin, California 92680.

DETECTIVE COURSE. Free Information. Universal Detectives, Box 8180-NT, Universal City, CA 91608.

FASTEST PIANO COURSE IN HISTORY. Patented! Box 751-X, La Canada, Ca. 91011.

Literary Services

ACADEMIC FILE RESEARCH—From $.90 Page. Send $2.00 for Catalog! Professional Ghostwriting Also. Concept Research, Box 4391, Washington, D.C. 20012 (202) 723-1715.

DISSERTATIONS, THESES, WRITING, EDITING, TYPING, all subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team. RESEARCH UNLIMITED, Box 300-N, Dayton, Washington 99328.

COLLEGIATE RESEARCH PAPERS. Thousands on file. Send for your Free, 160-page, computerized mailorder catalog. Research Assistance, 11322 Idaho Avenue, #206-N, los Angeles, California 90025. (213) 477-8474.

COLLEGIATE RESEARCH SYSTEMS

RESEARCH PAPERS

THOUSANDS ON FILE

SEND #2 FOR FREE ORDER CATALOG

THESIS, REPORTS, SPEECHES, ALL REVISIONS

(609) 982-6777

1800 E. FERRY AVE. BLDG.

SUITE 205, CAMDEN, N.J. 08104

Merchandise

PLASTICS—LUCITE-PLEXIGLASS "CUT TO SIZE" SHEETS • RODS • TUBES • BALLS • SHAPES Clear & All Colors • Immediate Delivery. Write for our Catalog Free AIN PLASTICS, Inc., 65 4th Ave., NYC, N.Y. 10003 (212) 473-2100

SMOKING HERBS, Incredibly effective and totally legal. Recommended in High Times. $6 Lid, 2/$11 Royal, 167 West 21st Street, New York City 10011

CUSTOM MADE TURQUOISE HISHI CHOKERS and necklaces. 8mm $2.50 inch. 4mm $1.50 inch. Minimum 14 inches. Satisfaction guaranteed. BB Enterprises, Box 3303, El Paso, Texas 79923.

NON-COMPETITIVE GAMES FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS. Play together, not against each other. Free Catalog. Family Pastimes, R.R.4, Perth, Ontario, Canada K7H3C6.

SUPER 8MM, 16MM, 8MM Silent and Sound Film Classics. FREE CATALOG. Niles, 1141-NT, Mishawaka, South Bend, Indiana 46615.

Money Making Opportunities

$25.00 HUNDRED STUFFING ENVELOPES. Free Supplies. Send Stamped Envelope. ISCO, 3835 42nd, San Diego, Ca. 92105.

MAKE MONEY! Fast and easy. Send $3.00: Kellum Enterprises, Box 56, New Haven, CT 06501.

OLD STOCK CERTIFICATES? You could have a fortune stashed away and *not know it!* Free information. *Stock Search,* 6555-t West 63rd, Chicago.

CAMERABUGS, Sell us your photographs. Details $5.00 (refundable) Picture Mart P.O. Box 916; Midlothian Texas 76065.

$350.00 WEEKLY POSSIBLE Stuffing Envelopes at Home! Start Immediately! Details $1.00 refundable. Royal/NT, 531N Lacienega, Los Angeles 90048.

"GET EVERYTHING YOUR GOVERNMENT HAS TO GIVE". Details—25¢. RETREC, 495 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215.

EARN IMMEDIATELY STUFFING ENVELOPES. $25.00 Hundred. Send stamped envelope. UNITED, 3838½ K Van Dyke, San Diego, Ca. 92105.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY addressing mailing envelopes. Offer details 15¢. Lindbloom, Dept. NT, 3636 Peterson, Chicago 60659.

IMMEDIATELY AVOID INCOME TAX! LEGALLY! Everyone's eligible. Free facts. Cullin, 2410 Bank Georgia, NT-21, Atlanta, 30303.

HOTTEST ITEM EVER—FANTASTIC money maker—Guaranteed 90% profit every order—Free details—Send stamped self-addressed envelope—R. Johnson Company, 10627 Monroe Drive, Blaine, Minn. 55434.

Reach a VERY SPECIAL MILLION readers with your classified display ad in NEW TIMES. Display ads cost $55 per column inch; $4 per agate line thereafter. For further information, contact NEW TIMES Classified Advertising, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016 or call (212) 889-6900.

Music

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Fine and lasting musical instruments in Kit Form. Patented Burton Jacks. Write Box 80222T, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501, for free brochure.

OLDIES—8 TRACK & CASSETTE—New concept allows you to choose every song on your next tape. 80 full minutes of your favorite songs. Over 2,000 rock & roll oldies etc. to choose from. Each tape personalized. Makes a great gift. Sent $1.00 for master catalog. OPTIONALS, P.O. Box 261, Ridgewood, N.Y. 11227.

LIBERACE MUSIC SEEKS SONGS, POEMS. Free Appraisal. Monthly Awards selected material. Geo. Liberace. 6362 Hollywood Blvd. Dept. NT2. Hollywood, California 90028.

SONGS, SONGPOEMS wanted for Radio Show. Hollywood Music Productions. 6425 W Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California 90028.

MUSICIANS! Money-making methods! Free literature: Kearns, 7249 Fairbrook Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21207.

POEMS WANTED for Songs. Nashville Music Productions, Box 40001-NT. Nashville, Tennessee 37204.

Free Record Collection

Reviewers Wanted: (No Experience Required) We ship you NEW records to review. All you pay is postage & handling. You pay nothing for any records. Applicants accepted on "First Come Basis." For application write: NEW MUSIC, 3725 N. 126 St., Bldg. N, Brookfield, WI. 53005.

Of Interest to All

MAKE BUTTER FROM MILK! Money Back Guarantee! Chandler, P.O. Box 794, Cotati, Calif. 94928.

MAKE YOUR OWN SUNTAN LOTION! Easy. Cheap. $1.00 SASE. Suntan Recipe; 396 Oak Ave., St. Charles, MO. 63301.

USE YOUR IMAGINATION! We're not about to *describe* its 39 sex fantasies. All we're going to say is that it was written by a woman for women. It's called TO TURN YOU ON. Your bookseller should have his share of the first 50,000 copies. Published by Lyle Stuart—naturally!

Publications

HILARIOUS? Different? Far-Out? Find SHOCKING display ad in this magazine.

WHO KILLED THE KENNEDYS? IT WAS *NOT* YOU OR ME. BALD EAGLE, an indictment of Bicentennialism and America, the Innocent. 10, of 40 total pages of assassination evidence—JFK, RFK, MX, MLK, others. 75¢ post paid to P.O. Box 1314, Boulder, Colorado, 80302

306 FREE BOOKS! Details: Ideas Unlimited, P.O. Box 921, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37401.

Back issues of NEW TIMES are available for $1.00 each. "Boardroom Bandits: America's Biggest Crooks" (September 19, 1975); "Meet Dr. Nork, America's Leading Malpractitioner" (August 22, 1975); "Worshipping the Tennis God" (August 8, 1975); "Guess Who's Fooling Around with the Weather" (June 27, 1975); "What's Being Done About Those Killer Aerosol Cans?" (March 7, 1975). Please send your order and payment to NEW TIMES, Box BI-5, One Park Avenue, NY, NY 10016.

NEW TIMES. A handsome custom bound edition containing all copies of NEW TIMES from January through June 1975. This volume includes "What's Being Done About Those Killer Aerosol Cans"; "Exploring Mind Control"; "The Ten Brightest Congressmen"; "The JFK Assassination Cover-Up"; "The CIA and the Mafia", and much more. Bound in simulated red leather, an outstanding addition to any library at a cost of only $19.95. Send to: NEW TIMES, Dept SA1, 1 Park Avenue, NY, NY 10016.

PENTHOUSE FORUM MAGAZINE is the best thing that's happened to sexual communication. Take a copy of Penthouse Forum to bed with you and your mate tonight. $1.00 at your newsstand or $10.00 for a year's subscription. Write to Penthouse Forum, Subscriptions Department (NT), P.O. Box 930, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.

Real Estate

CENTRAL ONTARIO—CHOICE 640 ACRE SPORTSMEN'S PARADISE still available—$20.00 plus $6.50 taxes yearly, maps, pictures $2.00 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 86, Ontario, Canada.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Vacationing, Farming, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send $2.00 SURPLUS LANDS, Box 6588-GT, Washington, DC 20009.

LEASE YOUR WAY TO OIL FORTUNE. Government lands 50¢ an acre. Profit potential up to $1,000,000. Complete instructions $2. Geosearch RB, Box 822N, Hillside, Ill. 60162.

Self Improvement

FORGE AHEAD! My revolutionary Mind-Stimulator can revolutionize your life. Has helped Thousands. Tibolt 281901, Carmel, Glenside 19038

THE POSITIVE MIND. Mind Management Program. 6 cassette tapes/12 messages. Your life is what your thoughts make it! Today is yours to live, grow and enjoy! $50. E. Chapman, PO Box 16091, Pgh. Pa. 15220.

HUMAN POTENTIAL WEEKEND WORKSHOPS in Miami for Gay Persons. $1.85. Send SASE for Brochure: Box 341514, Coral Gables, Florida 33134

FREE—Easy ways to make money selling exciting new products—Full-spare time. Send name, age for 5 months' free subscription. *Salesman's Opportunity Magazine*. 1460 Hancock Center, Dept. 555, Chicago 60611.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barrett, Dept. C-503-E, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago, 60660.

UNIQUE WAY TO SELF-DISCOVERY—Cassette series by psychotherapist for professionals and lay persons. Brochure: Psychosystems, Box 294T, Orchard Park, NY 14127.

Services

GAYS/BISEXUALS receive free literature from the nation's largest gay social organization. Discretion assured. Call toll free (800) 421-8500—in California call (800) 252-0077. Or write GSF, Department bm, 8235 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

ADVERTISE YOUR BUSINESS using low-cost, high impact imprinted advertising specialties. Free catalog. Samples PMA, P.O. Box 822-NT, Forest Hills, New York 11375.

OVERPOPULATION is a cancerous disease destroying mankind and the world. NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH needed. Free brochure, NPG, Inc., Room 414 (T1) 103 Park Ave., NYC 10017.

My name, personal address, PRINTER. Only $6.50. Morris Gainer, 3931 Farnum, Inster, Michigan 48141.

PALMIST FOR PARTIES available. G.C. P.O.B. 539, NY 10017

CREATE NEW IDENTITY. Escape Past. Foolproof. Have secret American Bank Accounts. More super information. Terra-6, #3233 NYC 10017.

MAKE FRIENDS WORLDWIDE through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Box 110660/NT, Berlin 11, Germany.

Situations Wanted

Male, 23, ACTOR. Need Work. Call (212) 380-1326.

Travel

ROAM THE WORLD BY FREIGHTER. Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home! TravLtips, 163-09 NT, Depot, Flushing, NY 11358.

Expedition

EXPEDITION 'ROUND THE WORLD. Remote places: Galapagos, Pitcairn, Easter, Tahiti, Fiji, etc. 180' Yacht. Shipmates wanted. Share expenses.

Write YANKEE TRADER, P. O. Box 120, Dept. 21 , Miami Beach, Fla. 33139

Unusual Items

REAL BARGAIN! BEAUTIFUL TENNIS RACKET COVER which completely covers and fits all tennis rackets. $9.25 guar. Meriam NU-bags, 9505 Lavergne, Skokie, Ill 60076.

WHO KILLED KENNEDY? Silk-screened T-Shirt, $4.50, S-M-L-XL. Bumperstickers, 50¢, 3/$1. Send one to your Congressman, too. Ben Gunn Enterprises, Box 131, Edwardsville, IL, 62025.

HEAD SHOP BY MAIL

Send $1 (refundable with purchase) for our new 56 page catalog of underground comix, pipes, clips, papers, T-Shirts and hard-to-find books. Freak Xmas cards too!
Send $1 to:
KRUPP MAIL ORDER
P.O. BOX 9090N
BOULDER, CO. 80301

WHOREHOUSE TOKENS—BRASS—Four for $4.95—Free History. HERITAGE, 202A Lexington Place, Uniontown, PA. 15401.

INTO INDOOR PLANTS? Save up to 50% on terrarioums, Planter Lamps, Swags, Hanging Hardware, Grow Lights and the most unique array of pole and hanging planters. Only $1.00 for color discount catalogue—refunded with first order—PLANT DIVISION, Family Portraits-NT, 663 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10022

BIOPULSE: EXPERIMENTAL device has odd perceptual/psychological effects. $24.95 BX 52676, Tulsa, 74152.

RADIATION METERS for sale, portable hand held units. 30 day money back guarantee. Free info. Survival Tools, P.P. Sta. Box 94, Milford, Ct. 06460.

Personal

WOMAN OF SOCIAL CONSCIENCE would like to correspond. P.O. Box 1293, S.D. 92112

LONELY? Meet desirable partners by mail. Write: Adelaide Suzanne, Box 103-F, Lakewood, California 90714

EXPENSIVE BUT GENUINE. Over a dozen eager English girls will write direct to you or your money back. We do not provide lists. Send details about yourself and $50. International Meetings, 4908 N. Lincoln, Chicago 60625

SWINGING GALS! Details 10¢. Box 3-NT, Raritan, N.J. 08869.

INTERESTED IN MEETING WOMEN who practice old fashioned method of infant feeding. Women only. Phone Eddie 424-2925.

POETRY WANTED for Anthology. Include stamped envelope. Contemporary Literature Press, P.O. Box 26462, San Francisco, California 94126.

NEW, EROTIC CONDOMS. Slip into colors, shapes, specially textured surfaces that urge a woman to let go. Service is discreet, fast and guaranteed. For sampler of 15 assorted condoms and an explicit, full-color catalog send $3 to: Stamford Hygienics, Dept. NT-3, P.O. Box 932, Stamford, Conn. 06904.

1000 LONELY LADIES FOTOS in world's largest marriage partner catalog—$5. Intercontact: Box 737, Lauderdale 33302 or Box 12, Toronto M4A 2M8.

JAPANESE GIRLS MAKE WONDERFUL WIVES. We have large number of listings. Many interested in marriage. Only $1.00 brings application, photos, names, descriptions, questionnaire, Etc. Japan International, Box 1181-NT, Newport Beach, California 92663.

ESP QUESTIONS ANSWERED. Details free. Erna, Box 5099D, Columbus, Ga. 31906.

UNATTACHED? NATIONWIDE INTRODUCTIONS! Identity, Box 315-NT, Royal Oak, Michigan 48068.

AMERICAN-MEXICAN INTRODUCTIONS. "Free" Details. WORLD, Box 38876-NEW, San Diego, Ca. 92105.

GET OUT OF DEBT. Have all the Credit Cards you want. Write International Marketing Enterprises. 156 5th Ave. Dept. 41, N.Y. 10010.

JAPANESE FRIENDSHIP! Girl's photos, literature, details, $1.00. Inter-Pacific, Box 304-NT, Birmingham, Michigan 48012.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Photos, details, free. Cherry Blossoms, Stehekan, WA 98852.

Uncle Casey

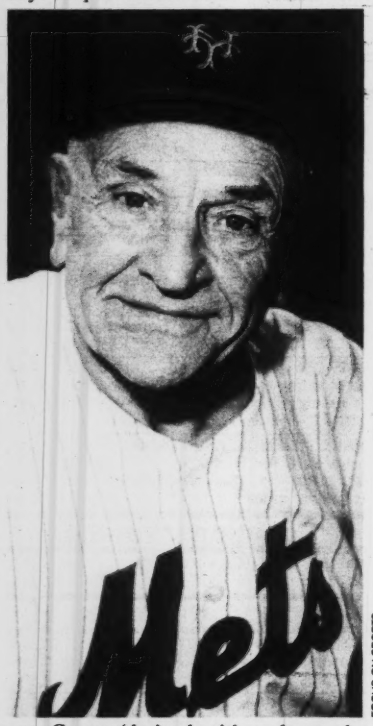
Final Tribute

By Mark Goodman

As favorite uncles go, Charles Dillon "Casey" Stengel stands in the American Hall of Fame alongside Walt Disney and Danny Kaye. During his 85 years, Stengel traveled to exotic, wondrous places around the globe and through his mind, and recounted their twin splendors till the longest day was done. No public character, not even Will Rogers, has ever captured and held the public fancy quite like Casey. As the premier manager in the precious national pastime, he won an unprecedented ten pennants and seven world championships with the New York Yankees—and that epoch (1949-1960) encompassed only one-fifth of his baseball career. On and off the field, he attacked his native tongue as if it were a prime-cut steak of his home town, Kansas City; Stengelese was authenticated as an official strain of the idiom, with the warning that its mad perambulations and mutilated syntax should be plied only by its originator. For durability in *anything*, he had no match; Stengel bounced back from retirement and/or defeat more times than Harold Stassen and Helen Hayes put together.

The eulogies poured out after his death. The wonderful stories journalists told and retold were being retold yet again in saloons and press boxes from Boston to Cincinnati to Oakland during the major league playoffs and World Series. Yes, in 1918 Casey the Pittsburgh Pirate outfielder really did doff his cap as he stepped to the plate—and release a sparrow. Yes, he did give up dentistry because he was a southpaw driller in a right-handed world. Dick Young of the *New York Daily News* remembered the ancient Casey in a hospital with a broken hip (suffered not on the diamond but at Toots Shor's circular bar) giving a press conference from a wheelchair and continuing to tell his story even as the doctors removed him from the conference. He was being pulled backward beneath a descending door, Young recalled, "and the last thing you saw was this talking old man, crouching lower and lower in his wheelchair, trying to finish the story before he disappeared from sight."

Perhaps Maury Allen of the *New York Post* unearthed the most telling Casey anecdote of all. In Stengel's early days in pro baseball, his moniker was



FOCUS ON SPORTS

not Casey (derived either from the poem or from his Kansas City background); then, like so many ball players of German or German-Irish descent, he was called Dutch. Anyway, it seems Dutch had just been brought up to the Brooklyn Dodgers, and rookies in those days were supposed to carry little balls and cry, "Unclean! Unclean!" Specifically, they were shut out of the batting cage. With good cheer—but also firm purpose—the young outfielder had cards printed which he distributed among the regulars. "Hi!" they read, "I'm Dutch Stengel. I'm a new player on this team. I'd like to take batting practice."

Casey got his laughs, as well as his licks, at the plate, and the point is that if Stengel was a clown, he was no fool. The pratfalls and the double-talk masked a tough, shrewd intelligence that picked up more baseball savvy along the way than maybe anyone else in the history of the game possessed, Connie Mack and Stengel's hero, John McGraw, notwithstanding. Robert Creamer, now an editor at *Sports Illustrated*, viewed Stengel's syntax as a stream of highly developed consciousness. "My God," he quotes a young writer upon first meeting Casey, "he talks the way James Joyce writes."

Well, at least an improbable confection of Joyce and Sam Goldwyn. Meeting singer Robert Goulet, he said, "This young fella has effeminate appeal, just like me." When fired as manager of the Yankees in 1960, Stengel snapped, "I'll never make the mistake of being 70 again." But even then he wasn't through. The New York Mets hired him to manage their newly created team in 1962. "They're going to be amazin'," he predicted, and, boy, was he ever right. Stengel made the Amazin' Mets the most lovable and profitable losers in the game's history. He sold the Mets over multiple bourbons in every major-league bar and hotel lobby in the country. And though his fractured hip finally forced his retirement in 1965, Casey enjoyed the sardonic satisfaction of seeing the team he was slowly shaping become the 1969 world champions.

The 1975 World Series has now ended. Wasn't it a bit emptier without Casey, holding garrulous court in a first-base box? It seems that our favorite uncle should have arrived with gifts under his arm and whiskey on his breath, and made the stadium quicken to his presence and quiver with laughter—and then stayed to finish his story until he disappeared from sight. ●

Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine;
Menthol: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Here's Max.

The maximum 120mm cigarette.

A lot longer than 100's. Yet, not a penny extra for all those extra puffs.
Great tobaccos. Terrific taste.
And a long, lean, all-white dynamite look.

"How can anything so nifty be so thrifty?"

© Lorillard 1975

The SEAGRAM'S GIN Bloody Mary Secret.

For a better tasting Bloody Mary, use Seagram's Gin instead of Vodka.

Seagram's. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 86 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.